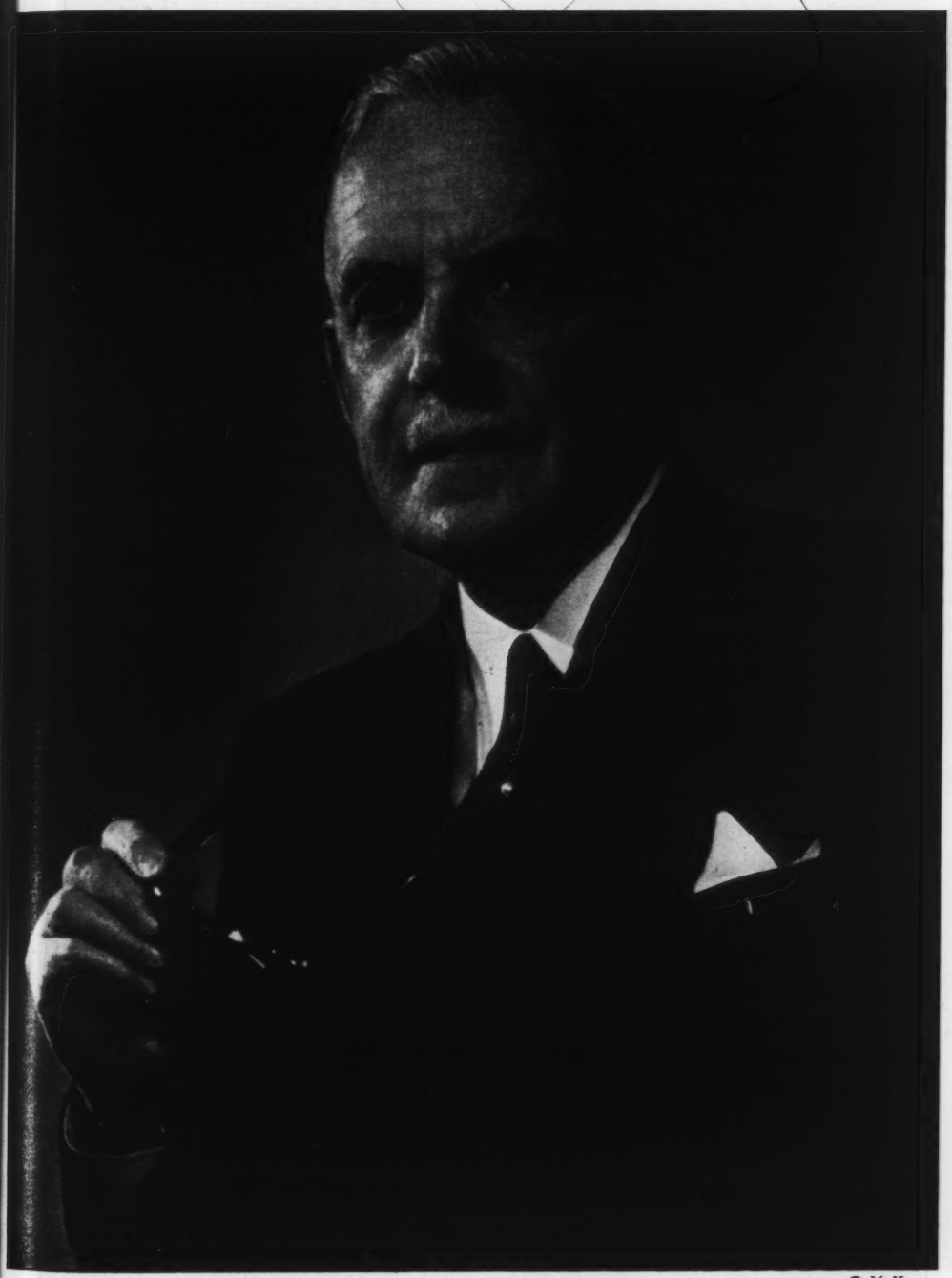
Saturday Night

March 26, 1955 • 10 Cents



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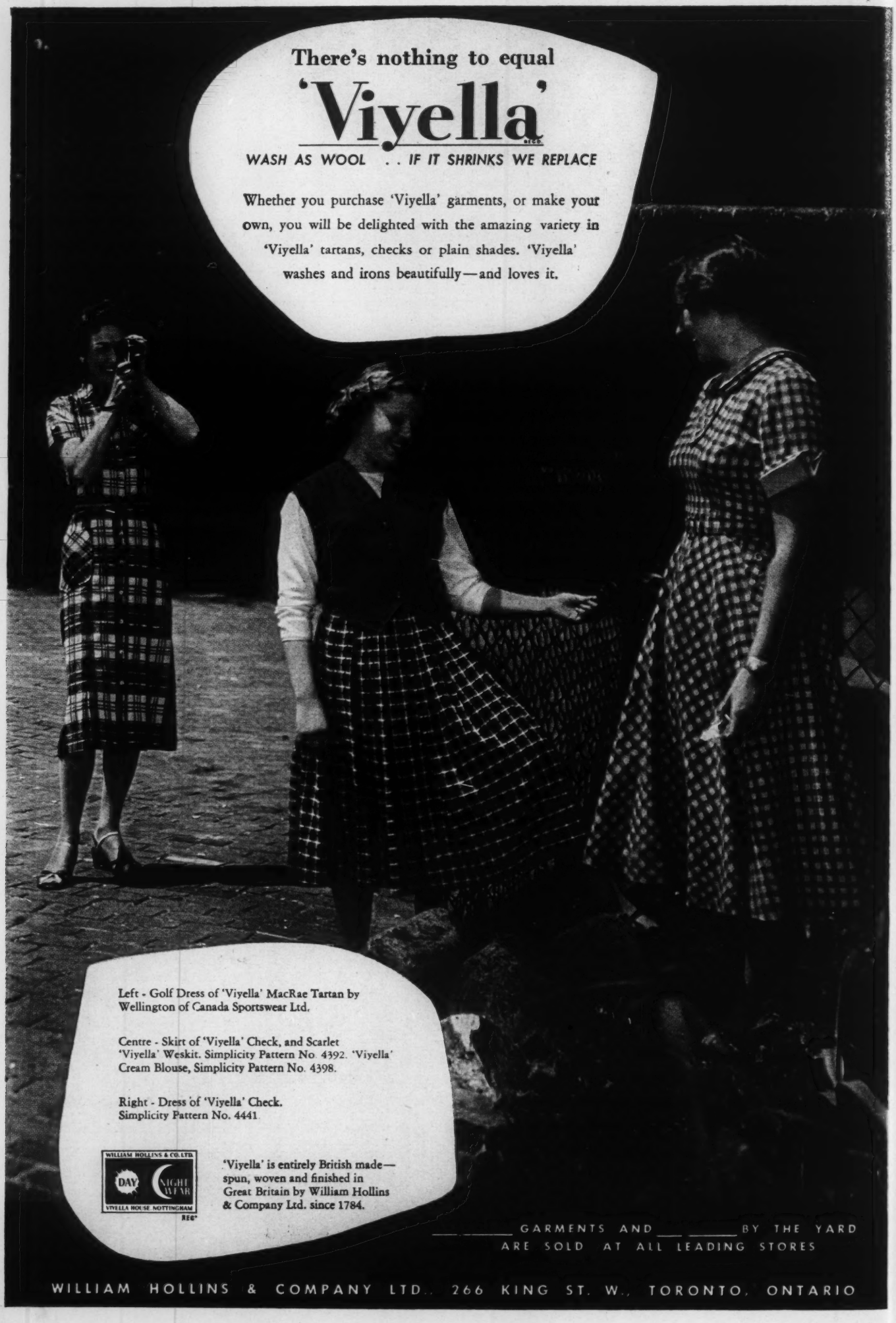
PRIME MINISTER LOUIS ST. LAURENT: A foreign field (Page 7).

The Front Page

The foreign policies of free nations are now variations on a theme of doom. No matter how much that theme may be obscured by overtones of national pride, selfishness or bigotry, it remains the sombre thread of meaning in the orchestration of diplomacy. Armed force has always been the final argument of statesmen, but the power of the argument now threatens to consume advocate and opponent alike, and those who can still calmly consider war as a decisive way of settling international disputes must at the same time contemplate the destruction not of a city or a nation but a civilization. Peace, or at least a state of non-war, is no longer merely a pleasurable condition of existence but a necessity for survival.

It is this knowledge that gives purpose and meaning to international affairs today, and makes foreign policy the concern of every man. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker may find little entertainment in the devious, endless talk of the statesmen, but their world depends on that talk. Earlier this month, Sir Winston Churchill told the British House of Commons:

CANADA'S FOREIGN POLICY
By Willson Woodside: Page 7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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

"it does not matter so much to old people. They are going soon anyway. But I find it poignant to look at youth in all its activity and ardor, and, most of all, to watch little children playing their merry games—and wonder what would lie before them if God wearied of mankind." It would be a radio-active waste.

The British leader was, perhaps, putting too much of the onus on God. As the columnist Dorothy Thompson wrote the other day, "God endowed humanity with the freedom to weary of Him". Certainly He gave us the gifts of mind and spirit which, properly used, can help us work out the problems of earthly existence. We have used those gifts to bring ourselves to the edge of chaos—or to the start of a wonderfully richer life. How we manage our affairs in the family of nations will decide whether we have come to an end or a beginning.

That is the inner substance of what has been called foreign policy—no longer the exclusive sport of diplomats but one of the responsibilities of living in a world where nations must live or die together.

Chivalry's Last Stand

WE LISTENED recently to a discussion about the lost tradition of chivalry, which, it seems, has practically ceased to exist in an age of politics and opportunism and now turns up only in sports. This made us a little nervous about the outcome of the hockey game between Canada and Russia—hockey, while a sport, is certainly a game of opportunism and the event at Krefeld was stirring up a lot of strictly political feeling. As it turned out, of course, we needn't have worried. The opposing teams eventually shook hands in the old gentlemanly tradition, without any pushing, arm-twisting or body-checking. One of the Russian players reportedly hurled four hockey sticks and his skates out of his hotel window after the game, but there was nothing ideological or unchivalrous about this. Anyone is entitled to his moment of sheer exacerbation.

Color and Contrasts

"TODAY'S LIVING is a series of strong contrasts, both social and political, and this shows up in our decorative arts, in design and color," Walter C. Granville told us the other day. Mr. Granville is a research physicist turned art director for the Container Corporation of America and is recognized as one of the leading authorities on color. He had flown in from Chicago to address the Color Council of Toronto.

"There's a tendency today to stronger and stronger color and greater variety," he went on. "It shows up particularly in the new cars. Some are good combinations and some are pretty awful. People

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seem to want contrast more than they want good taste. I can only theorize as to the reason for this. The whole world is in an uproar; the pace is faster. Extremes of mechanization have made it so that we can't tolerate a quiet environment. Thus these strong contrasts seem relaxing rather than stimulating. I'm rather hepped on this idea of contrast. It seems the only thing that explains to me the things I observe.

"Ancient peoples and primitive peoples used color powerfully and abstractly, something we're inclined to forget when we see the weathered pieces in the museums. In a simple way they conveyed a tremendous effect. We are in what might be called the primitive state

Torkel Korling

WALTER GRANVILLE: In an uproar.

of the scientific age, and people are reacting strongly and showing this in the colors they use.

"We've had rules of color harmony analysed and written about for centuries, but they won't tell you how to paint a Picasso or even a house. You have to use color to fit a particular situation and function. When we did over Orchestra Hall in Chicago, we wanted something attractive, neutral and colorful and we resolved these apparently conflicting aims by accenting the ornament, which gave a contemporary feeling to an old building. Today we're interested in getting a visual lift out of our environment rather than how long it will be before it gets dirty. Choosing color with an eye to maintenance is essentially a negative attitude, based on economics. Today we choose color to make us look and feel better, to please ourselves. Women are more conscious of this than men and have always practised it more. Through color each person can be an individual, that complicated integration."

Mixing Paint

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER took time off from his official duties the other day to mix paint for the barn on his farm near Gettysburg. He wanted a shade of pastel grey-green, and finally got it exactly to his liking. We only hope he mixed enough. Our experience in amateur paint-blending is that one always miscalculates, and generally on the short side. You almost always end up with a bare spot, and though it is sometimes no bigger than a sore thumb, it is invariably in a place that can't be covered with a picture. This means that you have no choice but to mix up a whole new batch and start all over again. In a do-it-yourself era, this is the sort of thing that puts fresh heart into professional decorators and the manufacturers of ready-mixed paints.

Fight in the West

ONE OF THE most refreshing bits of evidence that the highly vocal advocates of dictatorial marketing schemes are not by any means having things all their own way in western agriculture is the sturdy resistance of livestock producers to an ambitious project of the Farmers' Unions in Alberta, Manitoba and Saskatchewan. The Unions want the marketing of livestock to be controlled by boards with extraordinary powers. The men who can properly be called producers want to retain their freedom of action.

The main battleground is Saskatchewan, the heartland of the FU movement and the domain of a Government dedicated to the Socialist faith in economic controls. Public hearings are being held in different parts of the province, with the final one in Regina on April 5. The 600 members of the Saskatchewan Stock Growers' Association hope that enough opposition to the plan for compulsory marketing will be shown at these hearings to convince provincial authorities that the whole thing should be dropped. The catch is that, under the plan, all farmers with three or more animals are considered to be livestock producers, which means that a man with two pigs and a cow would have as much to say about the marketing of stock as a man whose herd is his main business.

The stockmen have been waging a campaign of common sense, brightened by dry humor. One described the Union plan thus: "It just gives them the right to climb into bed with us without bringing their own blankets". Another, reporting on a visit to Prince Albert, Meadow Lake and North Battleford, said: "The people

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up here know their boards—they've had a fish board, a timber board, a fur board and now with all this talk about a livestock board, they're plain bored to death". The main effort of the stockmen, however, has been simply to get farmers to read the details of the plan as set forth by the "Producers' Provincial Marketing Board"—and shocking reading it is.

The board would have power to search, seize and examine the books of anyone working in any part of the livestock industry. Each producer would be licensed. There would be stiff penalties for any breaches of the marketing laws. Every phase of the industry, marketing, transportation and processing, would be under the control of the board.

The advocates of the scheme have not produced any sound evidence to prove that the board could do a better job than is being done by the producers themselves. They have not shown that they really understand the difference between the marketing of animals and of less perishable commodities like grain. But they have on their side the strange faith that so many people have in the powers of bureaucracy.

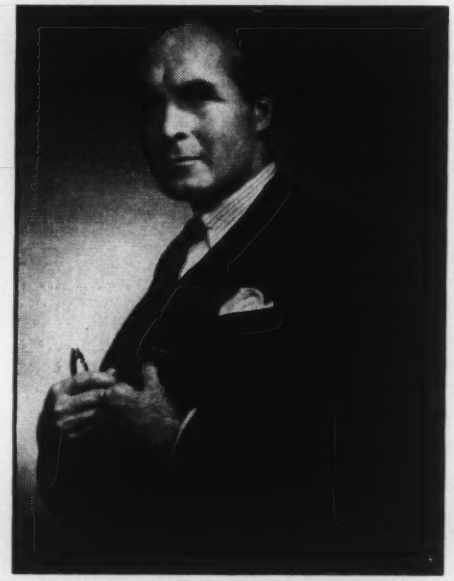
Tampering With Juries

ATTORNEY GENERAL Dana Porter did little to brighten his lustreless reputation as a member of the Ontario Government when he introduced a bill to reduce the number of jurors in civil cases from twelve to six. The Legislature's Legal Bills Committee approved the measure even though many of the country's most distinguished lawyers vigorously criticized its form and its purpose.

Mr. Porter's idea is not new. There have been repeated suggestions during recent years that civil juries be reduced (in some places this has been done), on the grounds that more speed is needed in the handling of civil cases, that the present system loaded municipalities with an unnecessary expense and that all too often the jurymen are incapable of following the complexities of legal argument in cases of this sort. In preparing his bill, apparently, Mr. Porter was thinking about the advantages of "streamlining" the procedure and about the cut in cost. He reportedly told a group of lawyers that counties could not afford the expense of 12-man juries.

There is a superficial attraction to such proposals that seem to offer greater efficiency at less expense. But the jury system, an integral part of the administration of justice, cannot be judged simply by standards of speed and financial cost. The strong objections to tampering with it were emphasized by members of both the provincial liberties and criminal justice committees of the Bar Association. A reduced jury narrows the individual's shared responsibility in the administration of justice; a reduction from twelve to six would surely justify another and another pruning, until nothing remained; and, with civil juries made ineffective, how long would it be before efficiency experts started to think about the savings that could be made in criminal actions?

It seems that Mr. Porter did not bother to discuss this matter with provincial representatives of the Bar Association before drawing up his bill. He would have been wise to do so, and also to get the opinion of as many informed laymen as possible, since the soundness of judicial procedure



© Karsh

ATTORNEY GENERAL DANA PORTER

is not the exclusive province of lawyers. Had he done so, he might have been able to produce some more substantial reason for meddling with the jury system than the saving of a comparatively small amount of money; what is more probable is that he would have dropped the matter before it ever reached the floor of the Legislature.

Sons of Earth

THE RUSSIANS have been tossing some fragrant bouquets at the United States recently. *Pravda* finally told its readers that the U.S. wasn't really on the verge of economic collapse, despite anything they might have been told previously, and Nikita Khrushchev celebrated his arrival at the top of the Red totem pole by telling Russian farmers they should follow American agricultural practices. The farmers of Iowa caught the latter bouquet neatly, and they liked what they smelled. They offered not only to show a Russian delegation how Iowa corn is turned into pork, mutton, poultry and beef but to send their own delegation to the Soviet for an exchange of opinion about farming methods. And what makes all this particularly noteworthy is that Iowans in the past have not been noted for their internationalist tendencies. Last week it looked as if the matter would end with nothing more than an exchange of pleasant words, which would be a pity. The soils of Iowa and the Russian plains are at least as fertile as the embassies in Washington and Moscow for the propagation of seeds of understanding.

Credit on the Coast

PREMIER W. A. C. BENNETT of British Columbia, if he isn't careful, is going to wreck the carefully cultivated reputation of elected Social Crediters for being not financial bogeymen but conservatives with an election gimmick. During the next fiscal year his Government proposes to spend $14 million more than it takes in, to make up the deficit by drawing on the surpluses accumulated in previous years, and to add $90 million to the public debt of a province that is already well loaded with taxes. Possibly he hopes to be pleasantly surprised by some unexpected increase in revenues, but if there is no such fortunate turn of events, some frantic financial juggling will be necessary in the *next* budget, with the debt up and the surpluses exhausted, to keep people from taking a pretty unsocial view of British Columbia's credit.

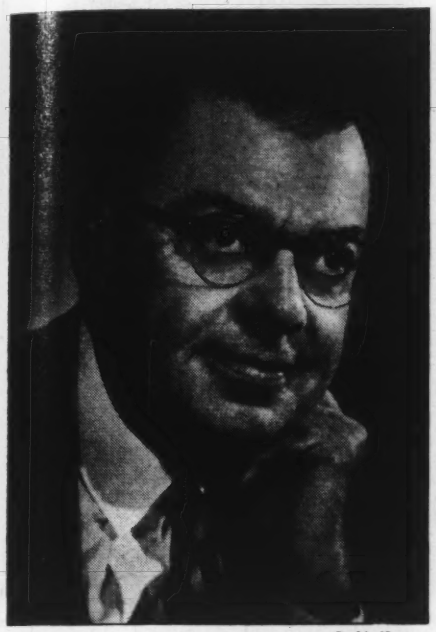
Election Prizes

MICHAEL ENGEL of Montreal probably had his tongue in his cheek when he suggested to the Commons Committee on Privileges and Elections that the way to get more people to vote in federal elections was to issue a raffle ticket with each ballot and give a tax-free prize of $1,000 in each constituency. Mr. Engel undoubtedly realized that politics and raffles make too explosive a mixture for practical use ("when I am elected, I will double your prize money"), but we agree with him that the suggestion was worth making if only as a sort of commentary on public attitudes towards political freedom.

Campaigns to "get out the vote" have become a regular feature of municipal, provincial and federal elections, and still anywhere from a third to two-thirds of the citizens fail to mark their ballots—to perform the simple act that can retain for them their freedom. They cannot be coaxed or bullied, apparently; they can be herded to the polls by the threat of a penalty, a form of compulsion that ultimately destroys freedom; and there is no doubt that they could be lured by a long-odds chance of winning money, even when they do not understand that the ballot itself is the most treasured prize of all.

Ministers and Diplomats

Men Who Help to Make and Translate Foreign Policy



© McKague

Paul Martin, *always interested in foreign affairs, has not only been speaking more and more for Canada at the United Nations, but making foreign policy addresses at home. It may be only a side-line, yet if Mr. Pearson were to leave External Affairs, he seems the likely man to move in.*

THE MAN *who gave the positive turn to Canada's foreign policy after the Second World War was Louis St. Laurent (see cover). His wartime experience at a Canadian - American conference—at a time when he was still a Quebec lawyer—grew into the conviction which made him one of the earliest and strongest advocates of the North Atlantic treaty. The United Nations Assembly has not forgotten the phrases in which he delineated its dilemma, in 1947: "divided by dissension" and "frozen in futility". Mr. St. Laurent, then External Affairs Minister, soon became Prime Minister, but has always retained a keen interest in foreign affairs. On his trip through Asia last year he showed, however, that with all his other duties, he had got a little out of touch with his followers on some aspects of foreign policy.*

Lester B. Pearson *(right) succeeded Mr. St. Laurent as Secretary of State for External Affairs—"External" because the Commonwealth cannot be considered "foreign"—in 1948, coming up from the position of Under Secretary. He quickly succeeded in making himself one of the most popular practitioners in his field, and has been sought as a candidate for the Secretary-Generalship of both NATO and the United Nations, as well as being mentioned as a possible successor to the leadership of the Liberal Party. He is now considered more likely to succeed General Ismay at NATO headquarters than Mr. St. Laurent in Ottawa.*

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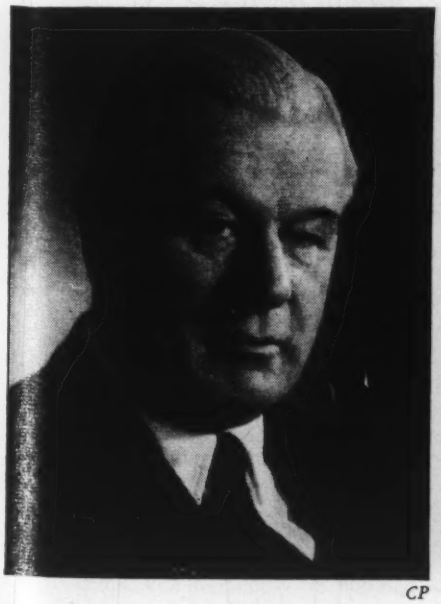
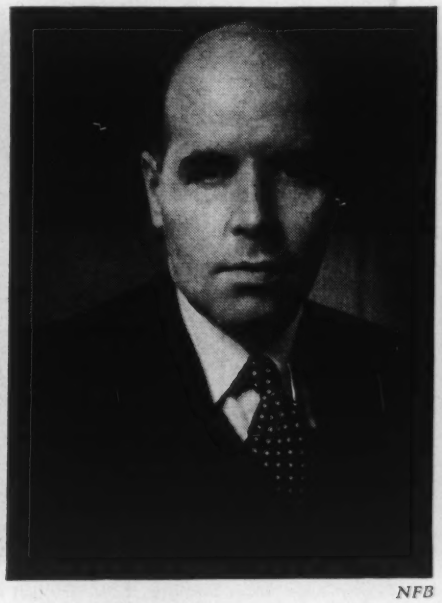


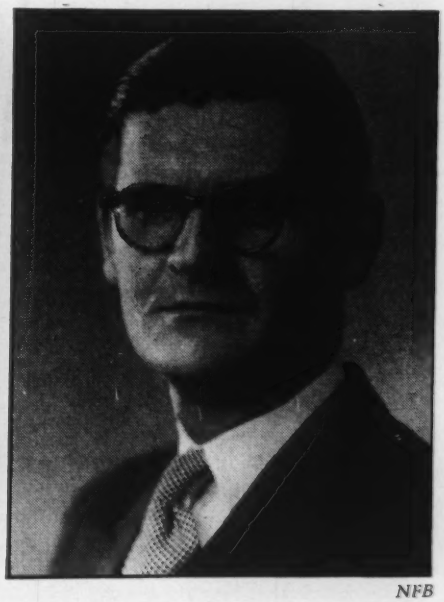
CP

Dana Wilgress, *Canada's first Ambassador to the USSR and present permanent representative at NATO, has also been Under Secretary and is a trade expert to boot. He is one of the most solid men in the Department.*



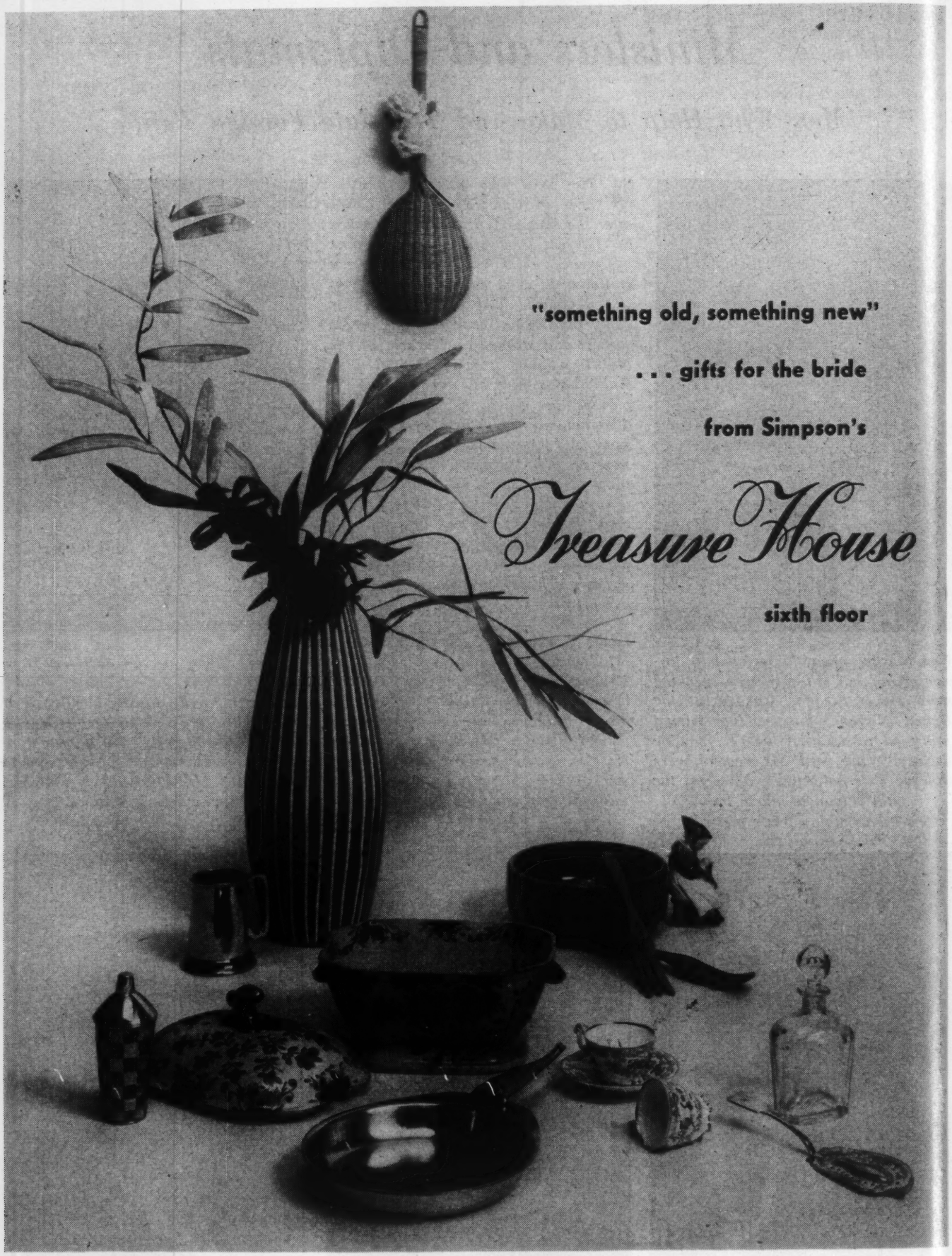
NFB

Norman Robertson, *senior member of the Department, was considered indispensable in Ottawa until a general shift took him to London as High Commissioner. He has the warm regard of the whole foreign service.*



NFB

Jules Léger, *who became Under Secretary last August, is a brother of Cardinal Léger. He has been an editorial writer for* Le Droit, *a professor of diplomatic history, and held posts in Chile, London and Mexico.*



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Canada's Foreign Policy Still in Evolution

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

CANADIANS are not yet quite used to having a foreign policy. But if they would take a sharp look around, they might be surprised to find how far we have gone towards acquiring a policy of our own since the not-so-distant day when Mackenzie King carried the External Affairs portfolio around in his pocket and our one and only legation abroad, in Washington, had a larger staff than the Department in Ottawa.

In those days our "foreign policy" was mainly concerned with asserting our national independence. Undoubtedly one of the chief purposes in opening shop in Washington was to establish a counterbalance to London; in the same way Mr. King's instincts took him much more often to London in his later days, when he saw British power declining as rapidly as U.S. power was rising.

Our chief concern in foreign policy is still our relations with Britain and the United States, and this is why the new era in Canadian policy may be said to have opened with the establishment of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, and why it was such a natural thing that a Canadian statesman should have been first to call publicly for such an alliance.

It is hard to believe that Mr. King himself would have taken such a forthright step. Nevertheless it was while he was still Prime Minister that Mr. St. Laurent cried out at the United Nations against the state of that body, which had been intended to provide for the security of the world but instead was "divided by dissension and frozen in futility". The phrases were Mr. St. Laurent's, but the reaction against the UN was, I think, quite genuinely Mr. King's. It can do no harm now to quote what he said to me in 1946 about the UN: "I do hope the Canadian people will not put their trust in that thing".

NATO was a godsend to Canada. It answered our problems in military geography, satisfied the appeal of sentiment and tradition, and tightened the bonds of race and family. Not only did it bind us in common defence—and, as we stipulated hopefully in Article Two, in matters of social and economic policy—to the three nations with which we have always been most closely linked by racial descent and by geography, France, Britain and the United States, but quite as important, it bound these three nations together.

The greatest single consideration of Canadian policy for generations past, and still today, has been to do everything possible to harmonize relations between Britain and the United States, and not get caught in a jam between them. The second consideration has been proved in two world wars to be the maintenance of freedom in Western Europe. NATO is therefore a natural for us. Yet while no one has more hope for its expansion into a wider Atlantic Union than I have, it is too new to say that it is the main pillar of Canadian defence and foreign policy. If we are looking for bedrock, this must still be sought in our relationship with the other Commonwealth countries, and the military and political relations—so close as to be indissoluble—which we maintain with Britain and the United States individually.

There is no intention here to underrate the arm of our policy which operates through the United Nations. However disillusioned Mr. King may have been, Canada has always been sincere in its efforts to make the United Nations an effective body. In my own experience, from San Francisco on, Canadian interventions in UN debates and quarrels have been helpful ones, or intended to be helpful. We did our utmost to keep the Korean show an example of collective security action under the UN, and to build on it in the "Uniting for Peace" Resolution of 1950, under which UN members were to detail special forces to be ready for use on the call of the Assembly (and thus circumvent the veto in the Security Council).

Canada has without doubt tried to carry out an important and increasing part of its foreign policy through the UN. Yet the UN still remains more of a hope than a pillar; our Government could not conceivably entrust the security of the country to the United Nations. It may be, indeed, that it sees the main usefulness of the UN at the present time in the opportunity it gives us to meet peoples with whom we are not thrown into close contact in Commonwealth or NATO dealings —in particular, Asians.

The bare mention of Asia points up the curious contrast in Canadian foreign policy between the outlay of a billion

Capital Press

IN SEARCH of an Asian policy? Secretary of State Pearson (right) confers with an aide of many years' standing, Escott Reid, High Commissioner to India.

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dollars a year for NATO forces and the concentration of attention on the defence of our Atlantic approaches, and the reliance, for a Pacific policy, on a dole of 25 millions a year to the Colombo Plan.

True, our cabinet ministers and MPs have strong ideas on U.S. policy in the Far East, and it is a striking thing that while they generally agree with American policy in Europe they are extremely critical of American policy in Asia. But this is not because we have our own policy for that region; we never have had one in the past, and have only the bare beginnings of an Asian policy today.

The best explanation of the feeling so widespread in Ottawa was given, I believe, by Mr. Pearson several years ago when he explained to an American audience that "the main avenue of Canada's approach to the problems of Asia has been by way of the Indian sub-continent".

There is no Canadian feeling about Asia at all comparable to that about Europe, that Canada's frontier is on the Rhine, or the Elbe. We sent troops to Hong Kong to help Britain out in a desperate hour, and to Korea to uphold the principle of collective security, not to maintain the frontiers of the free world along any particular line. No more is there any general feeling in Canada at the present time that Formosa should be held as part of the free world.

Our aims in Asia, as defined by Mr. Pearson, are non-strategic and non-geographical. They are: to see that social change is allowed to go ahead unimpeded; to help raise the standard of living; to encourage Asians to solve their own political problems; and to treat with Asian countries on a basis of absolute equality.

Canada is served by an able corps of professionals in foreign affairs, a corps which has been developed steadily during the past twenty years unaffected by change of government or by any of the scares or purges which afflict the State Department of our neighbor. Indeed, the only big tremor to pass through External Affairs in all this time was the repudiation by Mr. King of Walter Riddell's call for oil sanctions by the League of Nations against Mussolini's Italy, in 1935.

By moving the top career men in and out of the Under Secretaryship, a body of half a dozen officials of almost equally top-level training has been developed. Arnold Heeney in Washington, Norman Robertson in London and Dana Wilgress at NATO, have each held the post in turn. Besides the present Under Secretary, Jules Léger, there are at least three others who could step into the office without hesitation: Charles Ritchie, in Bonn; Escott Reid, in Delhi; and John Holmes. Mr. Pearson (who is a well-known baseball fan) has built a sound team, with plenty of strength on the bench.

Letter from London

Tea Tempest and Coffee House News

By Cyril Butcher

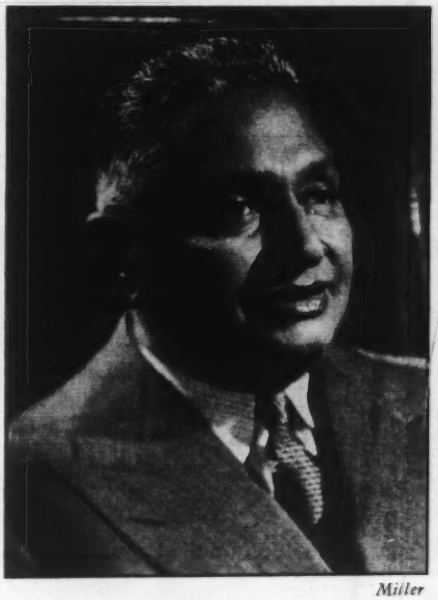
A FIRST-CLASS RUMPUS has been going on during the past month — a rumpus that has inspired searing headlines in the press, aggravated tempers all over the country, caused questions to be asked in Parliament, and sent apprehensive shivers down the spine of the stock market. And the cause of it all? Tea.

I am not sure whether tea-drinking is a national habit with us or a national vice. The consumption works out at 10 lb. per head of the population per year, or a cosy round figure of 507 million lb. of the stuff per year. If you were to spend a day with the average British housewife, you would find that the moment she gets up in the morning she gropes sleepily for the kettle to make a rousing brew; then tea again at breakfast; tea for the sacrosanct mid-morning break known as "elevenses"; tea after lunch; tea, naturally, at tea-time; tea with supper and the final sleep-inducing "cuppa" last thing before going to bed. So you can understand that in this country tea is Big, Big Business. (At the recent average level of 7s. 6d. per pound the annual expenditure works out at £190,125,000.)

The first rumblings of the rumpus began several months ago, when tea began steadily and relentlessly to rise in cost, until at the beginning of this year the London auction prices reached an all-time high. Meanwhile *The Daily Express* had taken up cudgels on the housewives' behalf and the rumblings became louder. Then last month the rumpus was well and truly triggered off when Sir John Kotalawala, the Prime Minister of Ceylon—in London for the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference—declared publicly that the price of tea was "damn ridiculous". That really did start something, and everybody began talking at once. With "statements" appearing like a shower of confetti, the buck was neatly passed via the planters, the Ceylonese government (who charge an export duty of nearly 2s. a lb.) the shippers, the importers, the wholesalers and the retailers. Apparently no one was to blame except the housewife, whose increasing demands were leading to an increase in price. Everyone piously declared that he was working on the absolute minimum edge of profit. The fact that tea shares were standing at a firm high level and producing walloping dividends was politely ignored.

But peace was not to be established so easily, for the *Daily Express* came in punching with a "Use Less Tea" campaign and a dare to the retailers to cut their prices. To be fair I must add that other newspapers followed the same line, though—as it was an *Express* gimmick—in somewhat more moderate terms.

The tumble began slowly. Odd retailers who dared to sell tea at below the fixed prices were threatened with a dry-up of their supplies. But gradually more and more stores exhibited the sign: "Tea Prices Reduced". Now the big boys are falling into line and the housewife looks like winning the final round.



Miller

SIR JOHN KOTALAWALA: The price of tea was "damn ridiculous".

The effect on the Market? Well, just start a minor panic in tea and thousands of small investors begin seeing the red light. "Tea—so safe, so sound—takes a beating. Let's get out." The echo was heard all over the Stock Exchange, and for about a week there was a pretty selling-out of the small-fry. (And don't forget that a lot of small-fry add up to quite something.) But the Big-Fry, the boys who deal in millions, held firm. The result? The Market recovers. So Britain muddles through once again.

And then — smack — the Chancellor of the Exchequer says "Hold everything! Things are not as rosy as you imagine, so stop borrowing so much from the banks and don't buy so many goods in the shops." (Not exactly in those words, of course.) And to show he meant what he said he whipped up the Bank Rate by one per cent, and decreed that people buying on hire-purchase terms must put down a deposit of at least 15 per cent. For a day or two this produced much squealing and squawking. But the effect on the Market? The pound is "harder" than it has been for a long time and stocks are steadily rising again. No one can quite understand it; but no one is complaining either.

The other day Professor Albert Richardson, the 74-year-old architect who is president of the Royal Academy, called London a "nation-state of 10 million people". How right he is and how wrong anyone is who claims to know all about London. I have lived in various parts of it for over twenty years and still the surprises come. I am a fairly gregarious man and like getting around. But recently I became conscious of the fact that whenever I went into a pub, a bar or a restaurant, there were never any young people to be seen. Everyone seemed to be around thirty and up. Where were the late teenagers and the early twentiers?

THEN I found them, drinking—not alcohol—but coffee. All over London's West End little coffee houses—each equipped with an Italian "Espresso" machine—have sprung up. They are a huge success and there is even a magazine, *The Cheshire Cat*, which is devoted to coffee-house gossip. It is in these, and not in the bars, that the young folk congregate in their hundreds. From their point of view they have many advantages over the pubs. The average London pub is pretty dingy, uncomfortable and garishly lit. Unless you are a fairly keen drinker it is not the most attractive place to spend an evening.

The Espresso Bars, as they have come to be called, certainly are attractive. Most of them are decorated in an extremely imaginative contemporary style (one of them cost over £10,000 to do up), you can sit comfortably, and the lighting is kind enough to encourage budding romance. Then alcohol, in this country, is an expensive pastime for young pockets, and anyway, nowadays our youngsters aren't very interested in getting plastered. The Espresso Bars charge ninepence for a cup of really wonderful coffee; and that is a drink to linger over, to encourage conversation and to stimulate fun without an attendant hangover. Lastly, the coffee houses shut at a reasonable time, or not at all. Youth does not like to go to bed early and the ridiculous licensing laws of this country decree that bars close their

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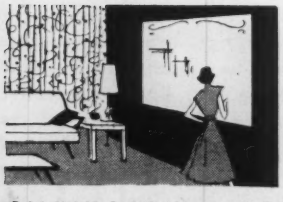

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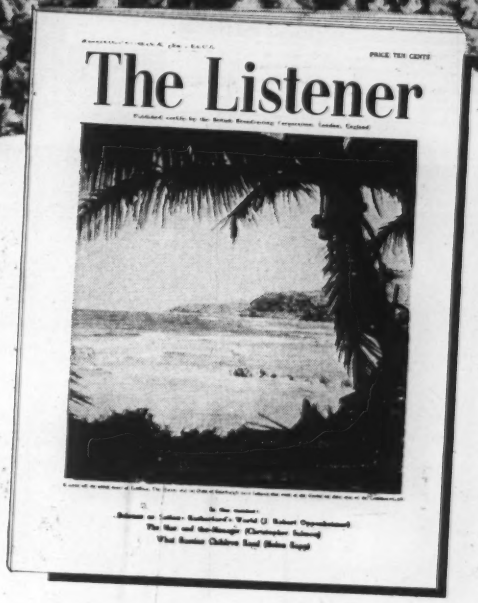
doors at 11 p.m. in inner London and 10.30 outside. (In the provinces it is 10 p.m. and in Scotland 9 p.m.!) In the Espresso Bars you can stay until midnight, 1 a.m., or all night—it depends on which you patronize.

I did the rounds of them one night and liked what I saw. Each place obviously had its own "regulars", for the kids all seemed to know each other and greeted each new arrival with hoots of joy. Introductions were confined to Christian names and newcomers welcomed. That is what I found when, in one of these places, in Park Lane, someone accidentally jogged a cup of coffee over me. By the time mopping-up and apologies were over it was taken for granted that I was now part of this eagerly chattering group.

Further west in South Kensington I found The Harlequin, where the atmosphere was much more arty, and rocking with the roar of dozens of conversations going on at the same time, and in every conceivable language. Here I was rather out of the swim because I don't wear a beard, I like to wash and dress tidily, and am old enough to realize that I don't know the quick answer to love, life, art and politics.

ANOTHER peaceful revolution that has been going on is that London has become food-conscious. Nowadays you can eat as well here as anywhere on the Continent. I'm not referring to the grand places like the Ritz, Savoy, or Claridge's. Those are all very well for Café Society who can afford them, but no use for regular dining to the group of civilized people with average-plus incomes. For those there have recently appeared several small restaurants on the fringe of Belgravia and Chelsea, where good food is taken very seriously indeed.

My favorite rejoices in the name of La Popote (no one's quite figured out what it means). It is run by a young Australian friend of mine, Bill Staughton. Bill arrived in this country several years ago with ambitions to make the grade as an actor. He lived in a basement bed-sitting room just across the road from me, where he used to whip up some really superb concoctions on his small gas stove. But an actor's life is pretty tough going and he was glad of a temporary job making sandwiches and such for the clients of one of the small theatre clubs with which London abounds. Bill is ambitious and not afraid of hard work. One thing led to another till finally he ended up with a staff of seven, a menu as long as your arm, and a reputation for the best food in London at a very reasonable price. Now his own restaurant—with its waiters dressed in check slacks and shirts, whisking about like young beavers—is a terrific success. Luncheon or dinner you have to book well in advance; the food is superb and the cheque small. He can't miss.



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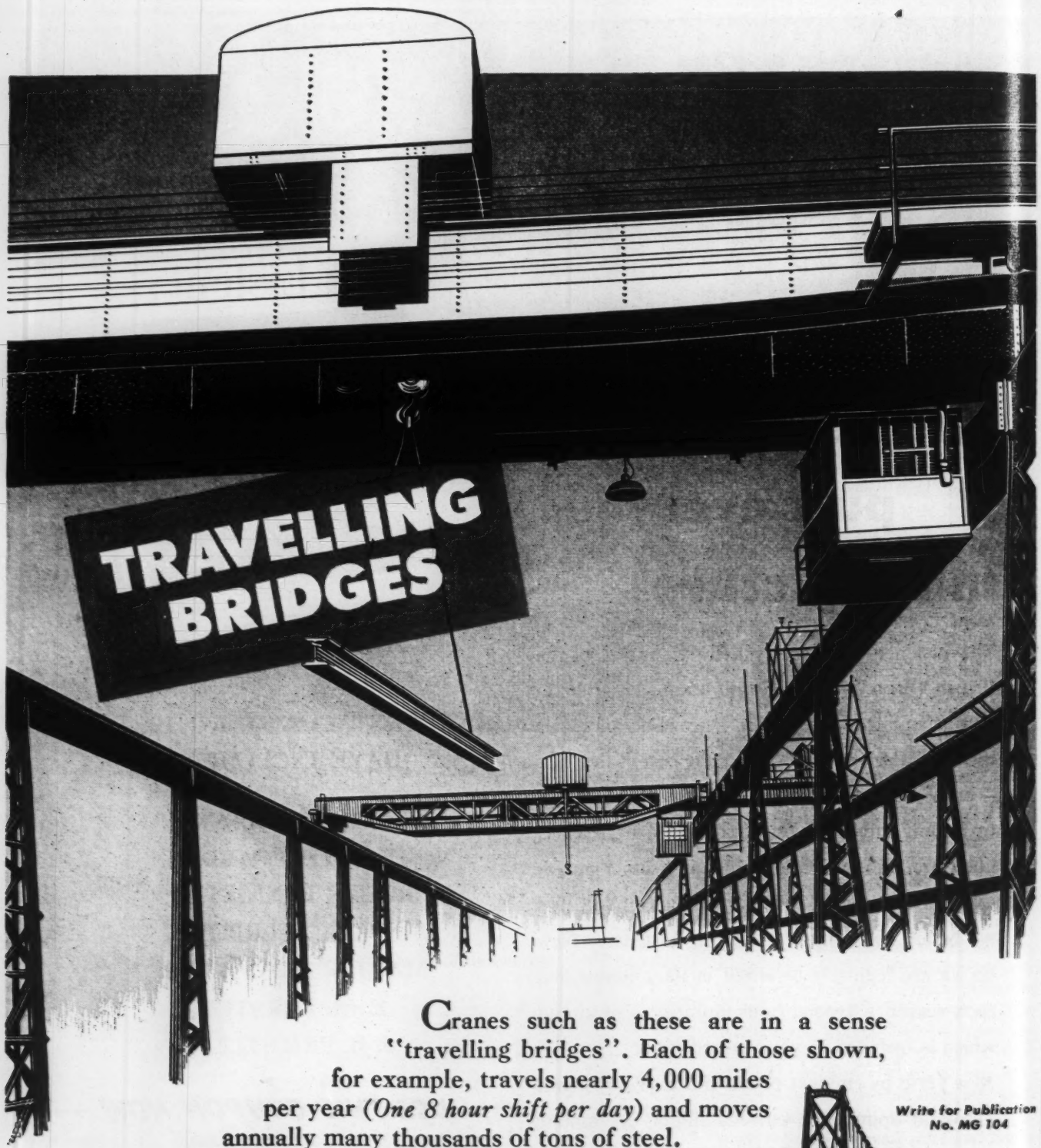

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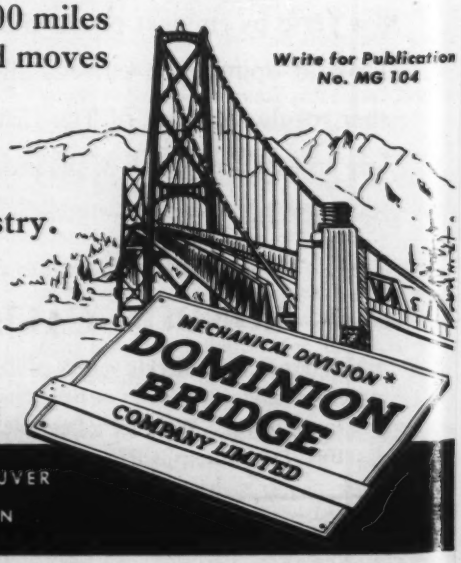

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Minority Report

Keep the Farmers Off the Farms

By Arthur Lower

REPORTS APPEARED in the papers not long ago describing the sale of farm top-soil to make suburban lawns. Apparently certain farmers are simply selling the earth beneath their feet, their capital equipment, to realize a quick cash profit. No one need be surprised, for our Canadian farmers have rarely taken any other attitude than that the earth — that particular portion of it which they "own"— is a mine from which they dig their living.

Parts of Europe, notably certain areas in France, we are told, have been farmed since long before the dawn of history. Some of them have possibly been under crop for three or four thousand years. And today they are as good as ever they were. The same must be true of other parts of the earth, notably China, where millions of people have lived for thousands of years by putting back as much into the soil as they have taken out of it.

With such countries our own forms an unhappy contrast. In most of it, human occupation is a matter of less than a century. And yet in a short three generations what a scene of devastation we have managed to effect! One can go from ocean to ocean in this country and everywhere encounter areas that might correctly be described as desert.

Here in this neighborhood where I write, we have a hard, lean country where everywhere the earth's bones stick up through the surface in the shape of long limestone ridges and plateaus. In between the ridges lie more or less fertile pockets of soil. The countryside was settled by Loyalist immigrants over a century and a half ago. They had to win a living, somehow or other, from what lay around them, as have their descendants since. No wonder, of course, that they drove the harried earth to destruction.

How? By the usual method. Cutting down the wood for fuel, exposing the bare rock underneath it, turning the cattle into what was left and letting them graze the underbrush. The result is that now, just five or six generations after the pioneering generation (as compared with the hundred generations or so of European peasantry), there are square miles of nothing but bleak, flat limestone fields, covered with sagebrush. Much of the country is so bad that men have given up. Today city people have made many a derelict farm into a "country place". In this way farms may have become playthings, but at least the cattle are being kept out of the woods and the trees are recovering.

What is the secret of the old-world peasant that enables him to go on providing food, and food surpluses, generation after generation while our farmers at varying speeds, reduce this continent to a desert? Is it not simply that he expects to stay where he is, following the same mode of life as his father and which his sons will follow after him? He is a peasant, yes, quite simply, and the word means "a countryman", one whose whole existence is bound up with the land from which he lives. He does not expect to "make his pile" and "get out"; he stays put and cares for what he's got. Canadians do not like the word "peasant", for it seems to them to connote something lowly, a narrow life of toil and poverty. We fool ourselves about it. Many a European "peasant" is a sturdy independent man; many of our "farmers", especially those on marginal soils, are, in the invidious sense of the term, peasants. In this country, in the banner province, Ontario, there are large districts of peasants, and pretty poor samples of peasants at that.

But even our lowest-down peasants, I suppose, have some kind of dream of escaping from their lot and going off to become city millionaires. And that is the poisonous weed in our garden.

An example of this comes from a spot in Ontario where an industrial development has ripped the farmers off a couple of thousand acres of farm land. One man who was bought out said that the farm had been in his family since the original grant from the crown and that he was living in the same house in which several generations of his people had been born. "It will come hard to quit the old place," he was reported as saying. "However, you can't stand in the way of progress." And so he pocketed his money and I suppose moved into town.

"Progress", that's the word: this mad scampering about the country on wheels, this brittle mechanical civilization of ours —that's what the popular mind identifies with "progress". For some people, it will be a great day when the entire surface of the earth has become one smooth concrete plain on which cars can charge about in every direction unhindered. The very noise and speed of modern life to many people constitutes "progress".

I heard years ago of a Polish immigrant in western Canada who refused with scorn the offer someone made him for his homestead. "It's my home," was his simple and dignified response.

Perhaps the future lies that way: the simpler peoples who have been crowding in here as immigrants will displace us old wastrels and sinners. They will take care of mother earth and when they come to possess the countryside, with the restless Anglo-Saxon cooped up in his dark Satanic mills, they will not be far from possessing the country, too, for from the countryside comes the annual surplus crop of human beings who mainly keep the cities going.

It may be just as well: we English-speaking people are a brash, arrogant and wasteful lot. Maybe the world will be happier, less miserably desolated, with fewer of us.

Miller

END-RESULT OF EROSION: Fertile soil pockets washed into barren gullies.

Books

Spite in the Service of Truth

By Robertson Davies

THERE SEEMS TO BE some principle of balance at work in human affairs which insists that a man who has been greatly praised shall, after a lapse of time, be greatly blamed, and that a man who has been roundly condemned by one generation will find apologists in another. Nowhere does this principle work more clearly than in the world of letters; we are seeing at the moment—to name but two instances—an up-grading of Oscar Wilde, and a down-grading of T. E. Lawrence. Lawrence was one of the heroes of the Great War era and many people esteemed him as a writer; a full-dress attack on his reputation has been made by Richard Aldington in *Lawrence of Arabia*, which he calls "a biographical enquiry" and no doubt there will be others, as well as spirited defences. I predict that for a time Aldington will win, but in a generation or so common sense will prevail and we shall get some sort of temperate estimate of Lawrence. Meanwhile, the fur is flying.

Aldington let it be known, well before the appearance of his book, that it would be an indictment of Lawrence. Now an indictment by Richard Aldington is to be feared, for he has a subtle pen, and his temperament is that of the satirist. In his strictures on his one-time friend, Norman Douglas, he dealt in what was probably truth, but he presented it in such a way that it gave a very wry picture of Douglas. The news that he was at work on Lawrence apparently caused some alarm, for a new edition of *T. E. Lawrence by His Friends* (edited by the hero's brother, A. W. Lawrence) was brought out, specifically to spike the Aldington attack. And arrangements were made to publish Lawrence's book *The Mint*, which he wrote during his first spell in the RAF, partly to get the last of the hero's much-admired gems of prose before the public, and partly no doubt to benefit by the publicity which the Aldington attack would arouse. All three books are before me, and I have read them with close attention.

The appreciations of Lawrence by his friends need not detain us long, for the book is familiar, having first appeared in 1937; this is an abridgement of that longer volume, but all the most interesting pieces have been retained, and as witnesses for Lawrence we have Churchill, Wavell, Halifax, Allenby, Shaw, E. M. Forster, Robert Graves—an all-star cast indeed. In his book Aldington takes on several of these great ones, and puts up a very good show against them.

The mainspring of Aldington's book is revealed on page 381, where he tells us that it was Lawrence's reiterated claim that he had been offered the post of High Commissioner for Egypt, and had refused it, which "first aroused my suspicions of Lawrence's veracity and led me to find proof after proof that much he reports of himself—including and especially his Arabian experiences—was heightened, exaggerated, faked, boastful and sometimes

Toronto Star

T. E. LAWRENCE: The Mint *records his experiences as an Aircraftsman.*

entirely without foundation". He admits to "indignation" that a man of Lawrence's stamp should have been widely accepted as a hero, and he calls the task which he has undertaken of exploding Lawrence's reputation "the service of truth" — this last significant phrase on page 333.

Aldington tells the story of Lawrence's life chronologically, beginning with a proof that he was illegitimate, being the son of an Irish gentleman of good family, and an exceedingly puritanical woman of less favored birth who lived with him and bore him five sons, of whom Thomas Edward was the second. Aldington attaches great significance to this illegitimacy, and thinks it accounts for much of Lawrence's vanity and hauteur; he also thinks that the mother's Calvinist attitude toward sin explains Lawrence's well-known disgust with normal sex and dislike of women. It will be seen that Aldington can play the psycho-analytical game when he pleases, though he sneers at it in some passages of his book.

From the tall tales of adolescence (including the one that Lawrence read about 50,000 books in six years) to the detailed history of the Desert Revolt, and the subsequent periods in the RAF and the Tank Corps, to the day of his death in 1935, Aldington hounds Lawrence through every recorded detail of his life, and casts doubt upon virtually everything that Lawrence claimed for himself or that his friends claimed for him. And I must say that most of what he says carries conviction to the mind, and his documentation seems admirably full and honest. Lawrence emerges as a pompous, second-rate ass.

But, oh! this is a book that any reader with a nerve in his body will shrink from! Which of us would look anything but a fool and a rogue if his life were to be written in this spirit? What if Lawrence lied a great deal about his achievements as a youth? Which of us has not done so, in some degree? What if he loved mystification? Is that a crime? Aldington has over-played his hand. If he wanted to show that Lawrence was less important than he pretended in the Arab Revolt, and that he was ungenerous toward men who worked with him, it could have been done without this dreadful scourging from cradle to grave. In *T. E. Lawrence by His Friends* there is a piece by Lowell Thomas, which gives us a pretty fair estimate of what Lawrence was—and it is done with a great deal of good nature and generosity of spirit; this is all the more remarkable when we recall how Lawrence disowned Thomas, who was his greatest trumpeter.

Aldington's book tastes of gall; there is a personal spirit in it which is the spirit of the Salem witch-finder. He is too eager to give a sinister or foolish twist to trivial matters. In the words of the music-hall song, which rang in my ears time and again as I read—

It ain't exackly wot 'e says,
It's the nasty way 'e says it.

He convinced me that Lawrence was a posturing fellow, and over-rated as a soldier. But I finished the book pitying Lawrence, rather than despising him.

Lawrence appears to have been almost entirely literary in his cast of mind—a tale-spinner, a lover of words, and the hero of a lifelong inner romance. This alone would account for much that Aldington thinks hypocritical and heinous in his character. He gained a great reputation as a writer with *The Seven Pillars of*

Wisdom; I do not think highly of that book myself, as a piece of writing, but we must be patient with the British weakness for attributing superlative literary style to national heroes. *The Mint* will be a disappointment even to those who admire Lawrence as a writer.

It has been brought out with all the Lawrence fanfare: there is a limited edition with all the dirty words in it, and an unlimited edition in which most of the dirty words have been chipped out, and blanks like broken teeth left in their stead. Shame on me, I could guess what should have been in every one of these holes, and so could any other wide-awake reader, male or female. It is handsomely printed—far more handsomely than Lawrence's self-designed *Seven Pillars* which was a typographical mess. The writing is thin and gritty, and the prevailing tone is one of self-pity. Again and again one wonders why Lawrence joined the RAF in the ranks, when he must have known very well that the life would not suit him. I read the book hopefully, expecting to the very last page that some great moment would come, or some great secret would be revealed, which would explain why the book should have been kept under wraps for so many years. But nothing came.

Lawrence admired writers more than men of any other sort, and desperately longed to take an honored place among their number. Too bad.

T. E. LAWRENCE BY HIS FRIENDS—new edition —pp. 319—*Clarke Irwin*—$3.25.

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA, a Biographical Enquiry —by Richard Aldington—pp. 388 & 60 pages of maps, sources and index—photographs—*Collins*—$5.00.

THE MINT—by 352087 A/c Ross (T. E. Lawrence)—pp. 206—*Clarke Irwin*—$3.50.

•

Monochrome

March masquerades
her cadaverous face
with snow petals.

Rejuvenated thus
she frolics madly;

stipples a barn
with wind-flung snow;

shoves sombre trees
into their knock-kneed dance;

bares bleached grasses
grey, dishevelled;

loiters
near a leaden pool;

as one last careless gesture
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Ottawa Letter

Beef Grades and Broadcasting

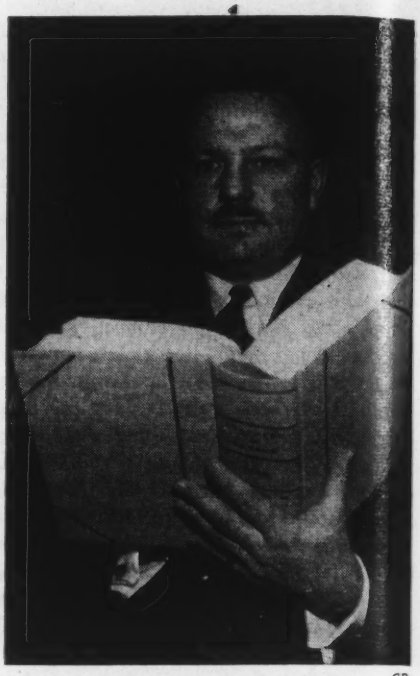
By John A. Stevenson

A FRESH MOVE is at last planned for a reconsideration of the thorny problem of the fiscal relations between the Dominion and the provinces. It follows pronouncements by the Premiers of both Ontario and Nova Scotia that they share in a modified degree the dissatisfaction of Mr. Duplessis with the present arrangements.

Prime Minister St. Laurent tabled a copy of a letter, in which he had invited the Premiers of the ten provinces to attend a meeting in Ottawa on April 21 or 22 for the purpose of reaching agreement about the broad outline of an agenda for a full-dress Dominion-provincial conference. Mr. Drew was naturally entitled to derive great satisfaction from this belated compliance with his persistent demand for such a conference, but, when he suggested that at this preliminary meeting an opportunity should be afforded for discussion of unemployment, he was not satisfied with the guarded response of Mr. St. Laurent. The latter said he would be "greatly surprised" if this question was not discussed at the meeting, and assumed that Mr. Drew realized the impossibility of dealing with it separately from the general problem of the fiscal relations of the Dominion and the provinces. Mr. Drew maintained emphatically that unemployment was susceptible to separate treatment and ought to be dealt with at the preliminary meeting.

A resolution moved by E. Davie Fulton (PC, Kamloops), which demanded an immediate investigation into alleged abuses in the present system of grading beef, found various spokesmen of the farmer's interests in full cry against the packing companies. Mr. Fulton, who has developed a real gift for marshalling in orderly sequence the evidence needed to support a case, revealed what was for a lawyer a remarkable knowledge of cattle and beef and submitted an impressive array of statistics to buttress his charge that under the existing system both the producers and consumers of beef were getting a poor deal.

William Bryce (CCF, Selkirk), J. G. Diefenbaker (PC, Prince Albert) and J. A. Charlton (PC, Brant-Haldimand), H. P. Mang (L, Qu'Appelle) and others supplied confirmatory evidence of the validity of this charge and Charles Yuill (SC, Jasper-Edson), who spoke with the authority of 44 years' experience as a retail butcher, while he claimed a clean bill of health for his own branch of the business, said that his knowledge of improper trade practices forced him to favor the resolution. But N. C. Schneider (L, Waterloo North), who always talks sound sense, speaking as a meatpacker, contended that, while there were a few in the packing industry whose methods needed watching, it was in the main conducted on honest principles and with high efficiency, that it was operated on a smaller margin of profit than any other Canadian business and that the government's inspectors, who graded beef and pork, were excellent officials who performed their duties without fear or favor and could not be fooled.



CP

DONALD FLEMING: Militant

Robert McCubbin (L, Middlesex West) parliamentary assistant to the Minister of Agriculture, who, as a farmer, has specialized in raising cattle, was not unsympathetic to the resolution and proclaimed his belief that the producers of livestock were "not getting a fair break". But he thought that the best course of remedial action would be for the other provinces

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to follow the example set by the government of Ontario, which had last year held an investigation of the spread between the prices the farmer receives for cattle and the consumers pay for beef. His chief, Mr. Gardiner, endorsed this suggestion, but also claimed that the inspectors of his department were engaged constantly in the sort of investigation proposed by the resolution.

A long and controversial debate, which occupied a large part of three sittings, about radio broadcasting and television was started when Mr. McCann, Minister of National Revenue, moved for the appointment of a select committee to examine the latest annual report of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and to review not only its revenues and expenditures but also its aims, policies and regulations. The extent to which these problems touch the life of the Canadian people can be appraised from the fact disclosed in the debate that today 30 per cent of Canada's households are equipped with television sets and an even larger number possess radios. Mr. McCann naturally professed serene satisfaction with the workings of an organization which is under his charge. After expatiating upon its aspirations to develop a nationwide system of television, whose progress he recounted, through the co-operation of the CBC and private interests, he made the rather extraordinary claim that our present television system was "one of the biggest developments in the history of Canada".

Mr. McCann's enthusiasm for the CBC and all its works has never been shared by the Progressive Conservative party and, when he had finished, it unleashed its most militant practitioner of the technique of attack, Donald Fleming (Toronto Eglinton), to indict the corporation for a wide variety of sins. One of Mr. Fleming's chief complaints was that the scrutiny which Parliament was supposed to exercise over the activities of the CBC, a crown corporation, was completely farcical and that in practice it was allowed free rein to devise and carry out its own policies regardless of the wishes of either Parliament or the public.

According to Mr. Fleming, the excise tax on TV and radio sets and tubes, which was allocated to the CBC to supplement its annual statutory grant of $6¼ million from the Federal treasury, had produced a bountiful yield in the present fiscal year of about $23 million, a sum far in excess of the estimate for it; and the unexpected lushness of its revenues, coupled with the ease with which it can borrow money, has encouraged the corporation to disdain the practice of reasonable economy and to indulge in wanton extravagances, which Parliament finds itself helpless to control. He also took strong objection to the continuance of the authority conferred on the CBC to supervise and regulate the activities of the private stations, which were its competitors, and its retention of a monopoly in television in all our larger cities. He made much of the strictures passed by Watson Sellar, the Auditor General, in his latest annual report upon certain strange accounting practices of the CBC.

J. M. Macdonnell could hardly find words to describe his horrified amazement at the fantastic financial methods of a corporation which, with an income of roughly $27 million of which 84 per cent was derived from taxation, was able to announce a surplus of $6½ million last year; he found in them justification for the creation of a regulatory body which would supervise both the CBC and the private stations. The attack was continued by W. M. Hamilton (PC, Notre Dame de Grace), J. W. Dufresne (PC, Quebec West) and other Tories.

Colin Cameron (CCF, Nanaimo) was sceptical about the value of TV but conceded that his lack of enthusiasm for it might be due to a hardening of his cultural arteries. His political ally, R. R. Knight (CCF, Saskatoon) had no such qualms, and as a defender of CBC, argued that its control of radio and TV promoted national unity. Mr. McCann, closing the debate, made a brave effort to answer his critics and got authorization for his committee.

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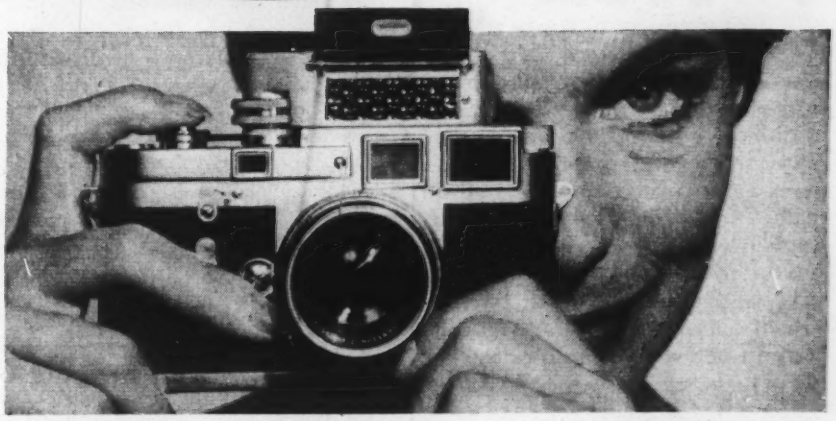

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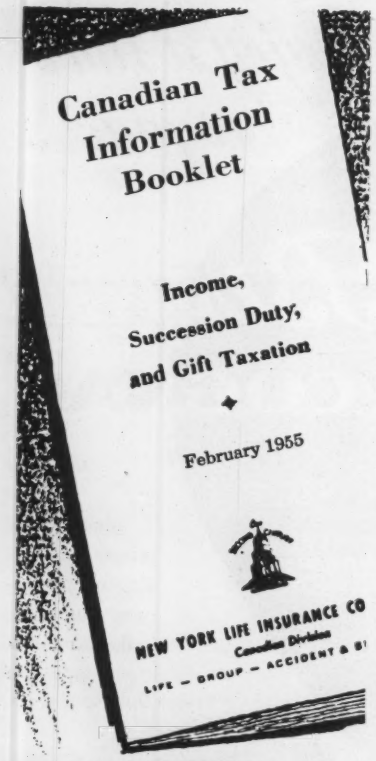

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Television

The Matriarchs

By Hugh Garner

KCSN THE TELEVISION HUSBAND is the most inept and henpecked male who has come down the pike since the days of Emmeline Pankhurst and her militant suffragettes. Unless the television family shows undergo a drastic change it won't be long before every wife in North America will go into a tantrum if her husband fails to kiss her each time they meet, doesn't end every sentence with "dear", or let her win every family argument. This state of affairs is undermining Canadian marriages and is a more devastating importation than McCarthyism.

There has been a noticeable trend during the past twenty years to place the wife in a dominant position in the household, perhaps as a reaction to the domineering fathers of pre-World War One vintage. This is a natural result of female education and emancipation, but it is going too far. Strangely, it is the men themselves who are responsible for this sorry circumstance. A man named Chic Young, the originator of a comic strip called "Blondie", has succeeded in turning a goodly portion of today's husbands into Dagwood Bumsteads.

The geniuses behind most family situation shows on TV have enlarged on this theme until any man worth his salt must cringe in shame as he watches the sorry antics of the television husbands. These timid yes-men include Stu Erwin, Ray Milland, Robert Young in "Father Knows Best", Desi Arnaz in "I Love Lucy", Del Moore in "Life With Elizabeth", Ozzie Nelson in "Ozzie and Harriet", David Wayne in "Norby", Jim Backus in "I Married Joan" and William Bendix in "The Life of Riley".

These shows, and some others I have not listed, are built around the middle-class female American dream. They are as untrue to real life as it is possible to get and still give the audience a feeling that what they are watching is authentic. They are based on the premise that the man who earns the income is not quite as bright as the woman who washes the dishes and brings up the kids. The wives in this television matriarchy are veritable gibraltars in withstanding the major and minor erosive currents of their lives. Between changing the baby and placing the pies in the oven they settle all their husbands' problems, which may include placating his boss, concluding a crucial

Jac-Guy
ROGER LEMELIN and "Mama" Plouffe.

piece of his business, and nursing him through a debilitating case of modern day jitters.

The ladies of television-land eat up these family shows for several reasons they know about, and for some they don't even suspect. In the first place the women characters always win, their homes are the kind the feminine viewers would like to live in, the wives are bright, beautiful and stalwart under all circumstances, and the children are handsome and as precocious as quiz kids.

The witty remarks of the wives (written by four male writers) are just the type of thing they would like to toss off to their own husbands if they could think of them, or could get him to listen, and the television wife's female crony from across the hall is the type of neighbor they wish they had instead of that dumb Mrs. Murgatroyd who talks about nothing but her operation. Among their unsuspected reasons for watching these shows is a feeling of resentment; although they are as smart or smarter than their husbands they are forced to stay at home in wifely isolation while he is downtown exchanging badinage with his cohorts or the female members of the office staff.

Though these programs give an exaggerated view of the position of the American male in his own home, I am afraid there is more truth than poetry in the characterization, and that larger numbers of men

all the time are knuckling under to their wives in a manner unheard of thirty years ago.

One family program that avoids everything I have said up to now, and which for my money is the most authentic and heart-warming show of its kind on TV, is "The Plouffe Family". Written by one of Canada's leading novelists, Roger Lemelin, it deals with the Plouffes, a French-Canadian family living in Quebec. The acting of the whole cast is excellent, and the show gives an authentic picture of family life in a French-Canadian household. Though this result is secondary, "The Plouffe Family" is probably the greatest inducement to inter-racial understanding made yet on Canadian TV, and one performance of the show is worth fifty speakers on Anglo-French relations.

To counteract the matriarchal dominance of nearly every family-situation show we have one which reaches in the opposite direction, "Life With Father". Clarence Day's original play has been stretched to include hundreds of incidents outside the experience of the original "father", and Leon Ames has a great time bulldozing his way through scripts that give him the opportunity of portraying a martinet *pater familias* circa 1900. This show is heartily recommended to June brides who think all family life should be like "I Married Joan".

Besides Leon Ames in "Life With Father" there are three other husbands who try to hold up the tribe's self-respect. One of them is Tim Moore who plays the Kingfish in "Amos 'n Andy". The Kingfish can get himself into more scrapes in a week than the average husband gets himself into in a lifetime, but despite his wife Sapphira and her termagant of a mother, he generally gives them as much guff as they give him. George Gobel is the mouthpiece for all downtrodden husbands, and I have a feeling that plenty of them who are afraid to open their mouths around the house get their kicks from hearing him speak up for them in his marriage skits with his stage wife Alice. And then, of course, there is Jackie Gleason, who in his Ralph Kramden role in "The Honeymooners" plays a bumptious braggart, but also a very human guy. Although generally wrong, like the spineless husbands in the family shows, he doesn't give in without a fight, and comes out of his encounters with Alice Kramden still top dog and still a man. He used to have a line, "Some day, Alice, pow, right in the kisser!" but he has had to tone it down. Whether this came about through pressure from the League of Women Voters or the Clubwomen of America I don't know. All I know is that most husbands have said it to themselves from time to time, and that I can't picture it ever being said by those dominated mama's boys in the family shows.

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Lawrence of Arabia: Desk in Cairo

By RICHARD ALDINGTON: PART III

Toronto Star

KITCHENER: A strange splash of whitewash

ON THE OPENING of the first world war in August, 1914, found Lawrence in Oxford.

His preface to *The Wilderness of Zin* confesses that when he and Woolley went to make the archaeological survey of Sinai he had never even heard the names of the learned travellers who had preceded them. Obviously these works had to be run through before the report could be issued; there had been neither books nor time for the research during the Carchemish season; but Oxford and London possessed the requisite libraries.

According to Lawrence, in a note written about 1933, Turkey though not, in August, 1914, in the war was not too pleased about the Sinai survey and therefore Kitchener, who had throughout been behind the survey, insisted that the report on the archaeological results of the Expedition be produced by the Palestine Exploration Fund as soon as possible as "whitewash". Kitchener certainly had been interested in the survey. It has already been recorded that he sent a telephone message to Captain Newcombe at Akaba to stop the survey when the local Turkish governor objected, and it was Kitchener who, as a subaltern in 1878, had begun the survey. Indeed, according to Lord Wavell (who ought to know) the Staff used Kitchener's maps on the Palestine front until 1916. But if the camouflage of the two archaeologists and their obscurely published report was really Kitchener's device, it was hardly worthy of his reputation. Did he think such trifling espionage a casus belli?

This alleged order from "K" to complete and publish the report is of some interest since it is one of the two reasons put forward to explain why Lawrence did not immediately join up as a fighting soldier.

Ten days before hostilities began between Turkey and the Entente, Lawrence wrote: "Turkey seems at last to have made up its mind to lie down and be at peace with all the world. I'm sorry, because I wanted to root them out of Syria."

The political judgment and prescience of those remarks are only equalled by the military acumen which failed to realize that the armies of France and England in September, 1914, had only just avoided a fearful military disaster, and had suffered casualties which made an immediate offensive impossible.

Lowell Thomas was told that Lawrence had made "an exhaustive study of military writers", from "the wars of Sennacherib, Thothmes and Rameses", down to "Napoleon, Wellington, Stonewall Jackson, von Moltke and Foch". And Lawrence himself told Mr. Thomas that "in the irregular war which he conducted against the Turks", he had found Caesar and Xenophon more useful than Foch. Passing to Graves, we learn that Lawrence's tutors did not require him to read up any campaigns later than Napoleon's but he had read "most of the more modern military writers, such as the great Clausewitz" (who, by the by, first saw service on the Rhine in 1792, and was Thielmann's chief of staff at Waterloo), von Moltke and "the recent Frenchmen, including Foch".

Next, we have Lawrence's own statement in *Seven Pillars* in which he condescendingly explains that "of course he had read the usual books, Clausewitz, Jomini, Mahan, and Foch", and "like any other Oxford man had played at Napoleon's campaigns, worked at Hannibal's tactics, and the wars of Belisarius". When questioned by Liddell Hart on this topic Lawrence opened out freely. He had, he explained, begun reading books on war at —it seems inevitable — an exceptionally early age, fifteen. He had read Creasy, Henderson, Mahan, Napier, Coxe, technical treatises on castle building, Procopius, Demetrius Poliorcetes, and "nearly every manual of chivalry"—whatever that may mean. In Hart's book these military authors are increased by Vegetius, Goltz, Willisen and Bourcet. Liddell Hart informs us that the only copy of Bourcet known in England is at the War Office, but does not tell us how the undergraduate Lawrence came to read it, and he appends a note of admiration to Lawrence's revelation that he had actually "browsed" through the thirty-two volumes of Napoleon's *Despatches*. Moreover, he assured Hart that he had "visited Rocroi, Crécy, Agincourt, Malplaquet, Sedan" and had followed "step by step" the Crusaders in Syria.

Well, there you have the story, or rather stories. It seems a formidable preparation for minor guerrilla warfare with Bedouins along the Hejaz railway. At his death there was only one of these books in Lawrence's library, a three-volume English translation of Clausewitz published in 1911, six years after he read the book in 1905-6. The two volumes of Procopius he had were part of a then complete set of Loeb classics given to him by Lord Riddell after the war: but not kept up to date. The record may be lacking, but there is no mention in the published letters or by friends or relatives of any visit by Lawrence to the battlefields named.

The letter of 18th September, 1914, shows that Lawrence had not yet entered the Army: "I am writing a learned work on Moses and his wanderings; for the Egyptian people say they want me but not yet, and the War Office won't accept me till the Egyptian W.O. has finished with me". This is none too clear, but it seems to mean that while he was engaged in some way to the "Egyptian War Office" the parent body in London would not have him; it also implies that he had already sought a Staff office appointment.

When, after the war, the writing up of Lawrence's exploits began, a different story was put forth. According to the version given to Lowell Thomas, Lawrence tried to enlist as a private, but the

Medical board "looked at the frail, five-foot-three, tow-headed youth, winked at one another, and told him to run home to his mother and wait until the next war". Graves, who was unaware of the collaboration of Lawrence with Lowell Thomas, "corrects" the statement that Lawrence was rejected for physical reasons. What he reports is that Lawrence tried to join "an Officers' Training Corps at Oxford" and "tried again in London" but failed because of "a temporary glut of recruits". Another version, not necessarily in contradiction to the above, is sponsored by Sir Ronald Storrs in the *Dictionary of National Biography:* "On the outbreak of war in 1914 Lawrence, being below standard height (then raised to 5 feet 6 inches) obtained but a sedentary commission on the Geographical Section, General Staff of the W.O."

Liddell Hart has the same rejection for height story but in the notes made for his book from Lawrence's talk and other sources we read: "Did not try to enlist. Worked on Sinai book, then W.O. Sinai map". And that Lawrence did not try to enlist for active service is corroborated by the note on Hart's script published in the *Letters.* There Lawrence says that he and Woolley (after completing *The Wilderness of Zin*) wrote to Newcombe "and asked his advice about a war job". Such jobs were very difficult to get, but Newcombe "told Cox, of the Intelligence, about us, and got our names on the waiting list".

IN A LETTER from Oxford, dated 19th October, 1914, Lawrence tells his correspondent that he and Woolley were doing nothing—although they were full of intentions. The Army List for November-December, 1914, lists Lawrence's appointment under date, 23rd October, 1914, as "Temp. 2nd Lieut.-Interpreter".

There seems to have been something irregular—at least from the bureaucratic point of view—about this commission as Second-Lieutenant Interpreter. Lawrence informed Liddell Hart that in 1919 "someone" told him he had never been properly commissioned. In 1922 he wrote to Bernard Shaw that he had "had the utmost difficulty in getting a gratuity of £110 from the War Office when they demobilized me". Lawrence's numbers are to be taken with caution, but if this sum is correct (which it may be) then this was a ridiculously small sum for a man with Lawrence's length of service (nearly five years), with two years as a temporary field officer. It was the gratuity of a second lieutenant with about eighteen months' service.

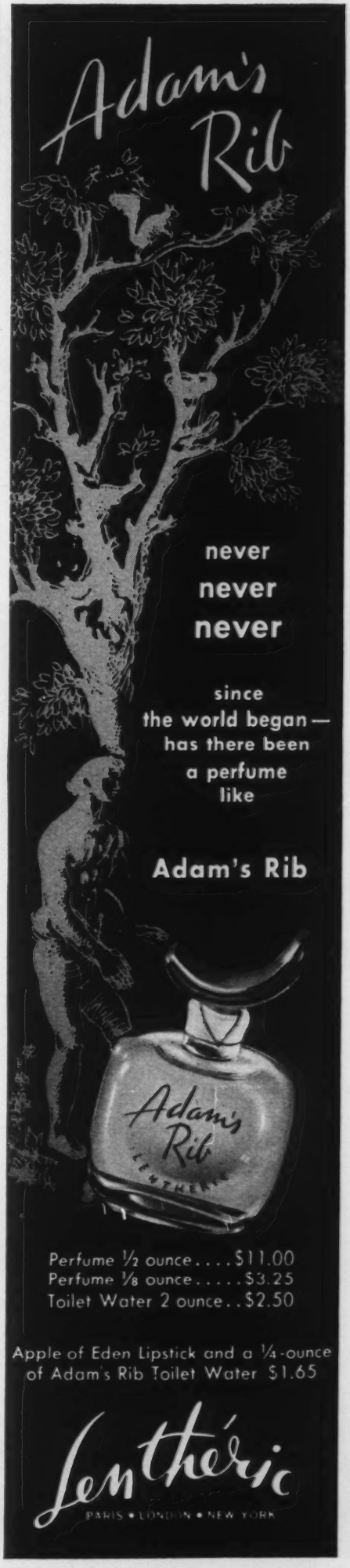
Since Lawrence was not in the Army when he wrote his letter of the 19th October, and the Army List gives the 23rd as the date of his commission, it is practically certain that this was his date of entry, about a week before war was declared by England and France on the Turkish Government. This was another "most fortunate stroke" in Lawrence's war career. If Turkey had remained neutral, he must inevitably have been sooner or later forced out to France, most probably to meet the fate of his two younger brothers. Captain Hart tells us that the regular Intelligence service at Cairo was so poor that for competent information about the Turkish Army they had to rely on the superior knowledge of a journalist, Philip Graves. He adds that Colonel Hedley recommended Lawrence as an officer ideally suited for Intelligence work in Egypt. However that may be, this new situation meant that anyone with any knowledge of the Middle East and (especially) of the right people in England was sure to be sent out.

Marmaduke Pickthall, possibly the greatest Oriental scholar of them all, had to be left out because he was more pro-Turkish than pro-British, and, like Philby, eventually became a Moslem. But a less rabid Turcophile, Aubrey Herbert, M.P., was selected to go to Cairo, with another M.P., George Lloyd, afterwards Lord Lloyd, and Clayton and Storrs—the real brains of all this complex Middle Eastern intrigue. Newcombe was brought back from France, Woolley and Lawrence were warned, and the whole party set out in December, Newcombe and Lawrence going ahead of the others on the 9th December. Later, they were joined by Hogarth and Gertrude Bell, and eventually were absorbed into the Arab Bureau. This transfer brought Lawrence promotion to the rank of Staff Captain with seniority of the 15th December, 1914. Thus in seven weeks Lawrence had reached a rank which might have taken years to attain if he had actually joined the British Army as a friendless private or second lieutenant on the Western Front.

Although there is absolutely no contemporary evidence available that he had any such thought, it is the fact that after the war Lawrence claimed that "since about sixteen years of age" he had been "filled with the idea of freeing people and had chosen Arabs as the only suitable ones left". But if this was so, it is surprising that for two years of the war Lawrence limited himself to Intelligence work at a desk in Cairo, with no more active service efforts than leaves and official Cook's tours to Athens, the Senussi Desert and Kut el Amara. Even when he visited the Hejaz with Storrs for the first time in October, 1916, it was with no intention of fighting, since he told Feisal that his "duties in Cairo excluded field work".

As a matter of fact Lawrence merely went from the map department in London to the map department in Cairo.

G.H.Q. at that time was in the old Savoy Hotel at Cairo, about two miles



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from the offices of the Egyptian Survey at Giza; and Lawrence used a motor bicycle for riding to and fro as well as for later visits to the Government Press at Bulaq. Dowson remembered him as an insignificant second lieutenant, his light hair ruffled, his cap askew and with no belt. He proceeded at once to assert himself by severely criticizing the system of transliterating Arabic place names which had been set up (as Lawrence probably knew) by the Director of the Reproduction Office, W. H. Crosthwaite, who had studied the subject for months and had discussed it with the experts. What Lawrence's qualifications for criticism were then is not clear, but his knowledge of written Arabic could not have been great. And when he himself later was challenged on the discrepancies of transliteration in *Seven Pillars*, he retorted angrily that he spelt names as the mood took him to show how little he thought of the systems.

Not much information about his work in Cairo can be found in Lawrence's contemporary letters, partly no doubt because of war-time censorship and partly because, as I must again remind the reader, existing letters have been suppressed. Evidently, at first it was all clerical work, for in January, 1915, he mentioned that he was tied to an office-desk all day putting together scraps of information and preparing geographies from details carried in the memory. In early February, he claims he has been in his office from 9 a.m. until 10 p.m. writing all day. He is said to have collaborated with Philip Graves in producing an official handbook on the Turkish Army. In July he supplements the office information by saying that he also lives in trains, interviews Turkish prisoners, and supplies information, but chiefly works at map-drawing and geography. Evidently in April, 1915, he still had no intention of taking any active part in the fighting, since he wrote to Hogarth that he had no training as a field officer, and thought it would be "bad form" to go fighting up to Constantinople. By "field officer" Lawrence probably meant a regimental officer in the field, though why he thought fighting up to Constantinople should be "bad form" is a baffling query.

By this time it is probably unnecessary to inform the reader that the story of Lawrence's activities in Cairo was not originally put out with much sobriety and care for fact, but in a series of stories and unproved claims which betray the familiar sources of the Lawrence of Arabia legends.

This is the third of seven excerpts from "Lawrence of Arabia: A Biographical Enquiry" by Richard Aldington. This material is copyright in Canada by William Collins Sons and Co., Canada Ltd., and is reprinted with their permission.

Films

Fish Out of Water

By Mary Lowrey Ross

THE BEST BRITISH comedies are usually based on some private predicament that slowly extends, spreading from group to group till it finally reaches institutional level and threatens to shake the government—for example, *Passport to Pimlico* and *Tight Little Island*. All the producer needs is some small factual opening and plenty of elbow-room so that he can expand from one situation to the next with faultless logic and lunacy.

Unfortunately, *Mad About Men* doesn't come in this category. Its heroine (Glynis Johns) is a mermaid, and the predicament of a girl who has to operate on land with a tail instead of legs is a rather special and limited one. Though the film takes an occasional absent-minded crack at the refinements of county society and the habits of amateur madrigal singers, it never gets far away from its basic joke. Long before it is over you may feel as though Mermaid Johns had hit you with her powerful tail right over the head.

J. Arthur Rank

MARGARET RUTHERFORD

Glynis Johns has as her support Donald Sinden, an agreeable British hero, and Margaret Rutherford, who is cast as the mermaid's sympathetic nurse. Miss Rutherford can be a very funny woman when her absent-minded energies are directed against some cherished British institution. In *Mad About Men* they can scarcely be said to be directed at all.

It is a wide screen, Technicolor production, and Glynis Johns handles her tail with ease. If the comedy doesn't come off, it isn't for lack of trying or expense. I guess the British are better when dealing with preposterous fact than with plausibly handled fantasy.

In *Green Fire* we have Grace Kelly wonderfully dressed up with no place to go. She's a South American coffee heiress, and when Stewart Granger reels in, covered with blood and suffering from concussion she doesn't want to go any place; she just wants to stay there and nurse him back to health and love. Hero Granger has an eye for pretty Grace Kelly, but his inner vision is mostly taken up with an adjacent emerald mine. So far he hasn't turned up anything there except beryllium, but it seems that where you find beryllium you find emeralds if you have a green thumb. He figures he has a green thumb so he hurries away from Grace, borrows a bankroll from his partner (Paul Douglas), sets a couple of hundred men to combing the mountain, and presently loses his shirt. This keeps on happening, sometimes metaphorically, more often literally, and you might be forgiven for assuming that loss of the hero's shirt rather than greed or love is the chief plot motivation. It certainly seems to be the main reason for keeping the magnificently muscled Stewart Granger out in front of the camera.

Women's Prison struck me as an even more outrageous piece of nonsense than *Green Fire*. The latter makes no pretence at being anything more than Grade B jungle drama, to be accepted amiably, at its face value. *Women's Prison*, however, carries the ominous tone of tabloid "revelation", with the usual all-out appeal to the illiterate fancy.

The film presents two adjacent prisons, one for men and one for women. With the exception of a single humanitarian doctor (Howard Duff), both institutions are staffed by monsters. The men's warden is a smooth and brutal politician, while the women's matron (Ida Lupino) is a dangerous psychopath. The rest of the personnel are a hardened lot who apparently enjoy carrying out the instructions of their superiors. On the other hand, the inmates of the women's prison are just nice normal girls.

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Chess Problem

By "Centaur"

SIGMUND HERLAND'S recent death removed an eminent composer of the Bohemian school, who did much pioneer work with model mates. He lived in Bucharest, but was born in Vienna on September 27, 1865. Herland also gave attention to chameleon echo mates, and below we give a good example of his work in this field.

Herland was a strong player, and in 1890 drew a match with the brilliant Jacques Mieses, who was born the same year and died in London last April.

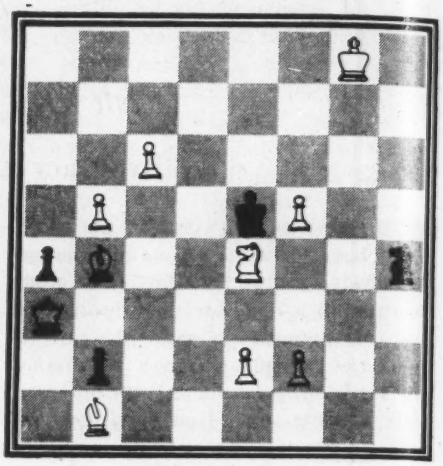
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 109.

Key-move 1.P-K6, waiting. If Kt-Q3; 2.B-Q5 mate. If Kt-B4; 2.Kt-K5 mate. If BxR; 2.QxP mate. If P-Kt5; 2.B-R4 mate. If P-R5; 2.Kt-Kt4 mate. If KKt any; 2.QxKt mate.

The first variation is the one changemate. Kt-B4 gives an added mate.

PROBLEM NO. 110, by S. Herland.

Black—Four Pieces.



White—Ten Pieces.

White mates in three.

• •

A Bone to Pick

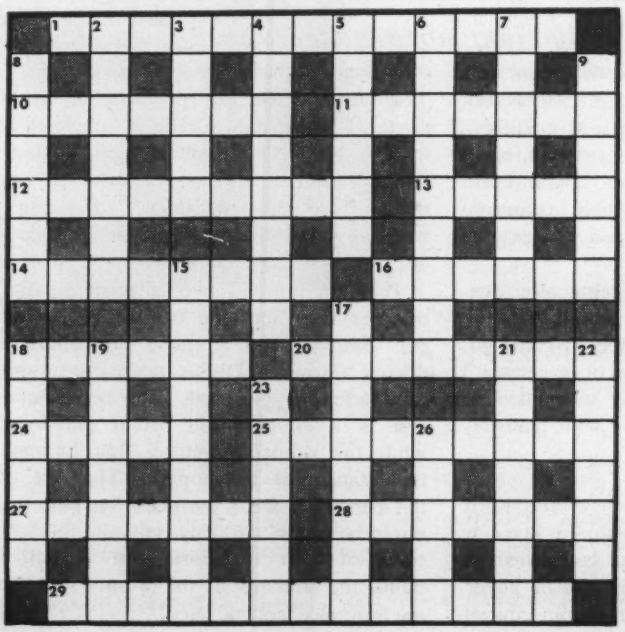
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. "It will never out of the flesh that's . . ." (Ben Johnson) (4,2,3,4)
10. There's little ring about a tunnel. (7)
11. When honorable, doesn't get the 13. (7)
12. Must be off, by the sound of it. (9)
13. In "Die Meistersinger" Eva was the one for singing this song. (5)
14. It's blown its note around outside, perhaps. (8)
16. Made completely on edge by starting a fight. (6)
18. Her bonnet's off then, for a change. What a laugh! (6)
20. For a fee I kill, resulting in the opposite. (8)
24. Kind of nut — (5)
25. — who is left with 24, he hopes. (9)
27. There are 151 on this newly-formed team. (7)
28. Cardinal? No, Lord Ian! (7)
29. Tremble at the crap game. (5,3,5)

DOWN

2. 28 disguises Tasso's Prince of Este. (7)
3. Delivers? No, sir! (5)
4. Food to 19, with a nut topping. (8)
5. "Detestation of the high is the involuntary . . . of the low" (Dickens). (6)
6. His last fling lasted a hundred days. (9)
7. Twice I entered Lyons indirectly, but not on the quiet. (7)
8. This young producer took a little at the bar on the way up. (6)
9. Straighten up! (6)
15. Early North American stationery. (5,4)
17. I sob when it's broken and I get the short end. (4-4)
18. Antonym of 23 with frills and frippery. (6)
19. See 4. (7)
21. Tight after getting in here? You'll feel it so! (7)
22. Appears strangely like a Great Lake? (6)
23. Disrobe if you like, but I'd get up with a shirt on! (6)
26. Do salesmen on this develcp an airline? (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Color-blind
7. Scow
9. Letter
10. Fascista
11. Banister
12. Outfit
13. Brigades
15. Lepcha
17. Borrow
20. Enfeeble
23. Harper
25. Fanciers
26. Carillon
27. Attend
28. Rake
29. Screen door

DOWN

2. Open air
3. Outrigger
4. Berated
5. Infer
6. Despoil
7. Swift
8. Ostrich
14. See
16. Predicted
18. O Canada
19. Warbles
21. Fanfare
22. Lorenzo
24. Poise
25. Finer

(358)

Business

Skills of an Effective Administrator: Part II

By ROBERT L. KATZ

FOR YEARS many people have contended that leadership ability is inherent in certain chosen individuals. We talk of "born leaders", "born executives", "born salesmen". It is undoubtedly true that certain people, naturally or innately, possess greater aptitude or ability in certain skills. But research in psychology and physiology would also indicate, first, that those having strong aptitudes and abilities can improve their skill through practice and training, and, secondly, that even those lacking the natural ability can improve their performance and effectiveness.

The *skill* conception of administration suggests that we may hope to improve our administrative effectiveness and to develop better administrators for the future. This skill conception implies *learning by doing*. Different people learn in different ways, but skills are developed through practice and through relating learning to one's own personal experience and background. If well done, training in these basic administrative skills should develop executive abilities more surely and more rapidly than through unorganized experience. What, then, are some of the ways in which this training can be conducted?

Development of technical skill has received great attention for many years by industry and educational institutions alike, and much progress has been made. Sound grounding in the principles, structures, and processes of the individual specialty, coupled with actual practice and experience during which the individual is watched and helped by a superior, appear to be most effective.

Human skill, however, has been much less understood, and only recently has systematic progress been made in developing it. Many different approaches to the development of human skill are being pursued by various universities and professional men today. These are rooted in such disciplines as psychology, sociology, and anthropology.

Some of these approaches find their application in "applied psychology", "human engineering", and a host of other manifestations requiring technical specialists to help the businessman with his human problems. As a practical matter, however, the executive must develop his own human skill, rather than lean on the advice of others. To be effective, he must develop his own personal point of view toward human activity, so that he will (a) recognize the feelings and sentiments which he brings to a situation; (b) have an attitude about his own experiences which will enable him to re-evaluate and learn from them; (c) develop ability in understanding what others by their actions and words (explicit or implicit) are trying to communicate to him; and (d) develop ability in successfully communicating his ideas and attitudes to others.

Wide World

BENJAMIN FAIRLESS, chairman of the U.S. Steel Corporation: Ask questions.

This human skill can be developed by some individuals without formalized training. Others can be individually aided by their immediate superiors as an integral part of the "coaching" process to be described later. This aid depends for effectiveness, obviously, on the extent to which the superior possesses the human skill.

Human skill has also been tested in the classroom, within reasonable limits, by a series of analyses of detailed accounts of actual situations involving administrative action, together with a number of role-playing opportunities in which the individual is required to carry out the details of the action he has proposed. In this way an individual's understanding of the total situation and his own personal ability to do something about it can be evaluated.

On the job, there should be frequent opportunities for a superior to observe an individual's ability to work effectively with others. These may appear to be highly subjective evaluations and to depend for validity on the human skill of the rater. But does not every promotion, in the last analysis, depend on someone's subjective judgment? And should this subjectivity be berated, or should we make a greater effort to develop people within our organizations with the human skill to make such judgments effectively?

Conceptual skill, like human skill, has not been very widely understood. A number of methods have been tried to aid in developing this ability, with varying success. Some of the best results have always been achieved through the "coaching" of subordinates by superiors. This is no new idea. It implies that one of the key responsibilities of the executive is to help his subordinates to develop their administrative potentials. One way a superior can help "coach" his subordinate is by assigning a particular responsibility, and then responding with searching questions or opinions, rather than giving answers, whenever the subordinate seeks help. When Benjamin F. Fairless, now chairman of the board of the United States Steel Corporation, was president of the corporation, he described his coaching activities as follows:

"When one of my vice-presidents or the head of one of our operating companies comes to me for instructions, I generally counter by asking him questions. First thing I know, he has told me how to solve the problem himself."

Obviously, this is an ideal and wholly natural procedure for administrative training, and applies to the development

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Robert L. Katz is assistant professor at The Amos Tuck School of Business Administration, Dartmouth College. This is the concluding excerpt from an article, originally published by the Harvard Business Review.

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of technical and human skill, as well as to that of conceptual skill. However, its success must necessarily rest on the abilities and willingness of the superior to help the subordinate.

Another excellent way to develop conceptual skill is through trading jobs, that is, by moving promising young men through different functions of the business but at the same level of responsibility. This gives the man the chance literally to "be in the other fellow's shoes".

In the classroom, conceptual skill has also been evaluated with reasonable effectiveness by presenting a series of detailed descriptions of specific complex situations. In these the individual being tested is asked to set forth a course of action which responds to the underlying forces operating in each situation and which considers the implications of this action on the various functions and parts of the organization and its total environment.

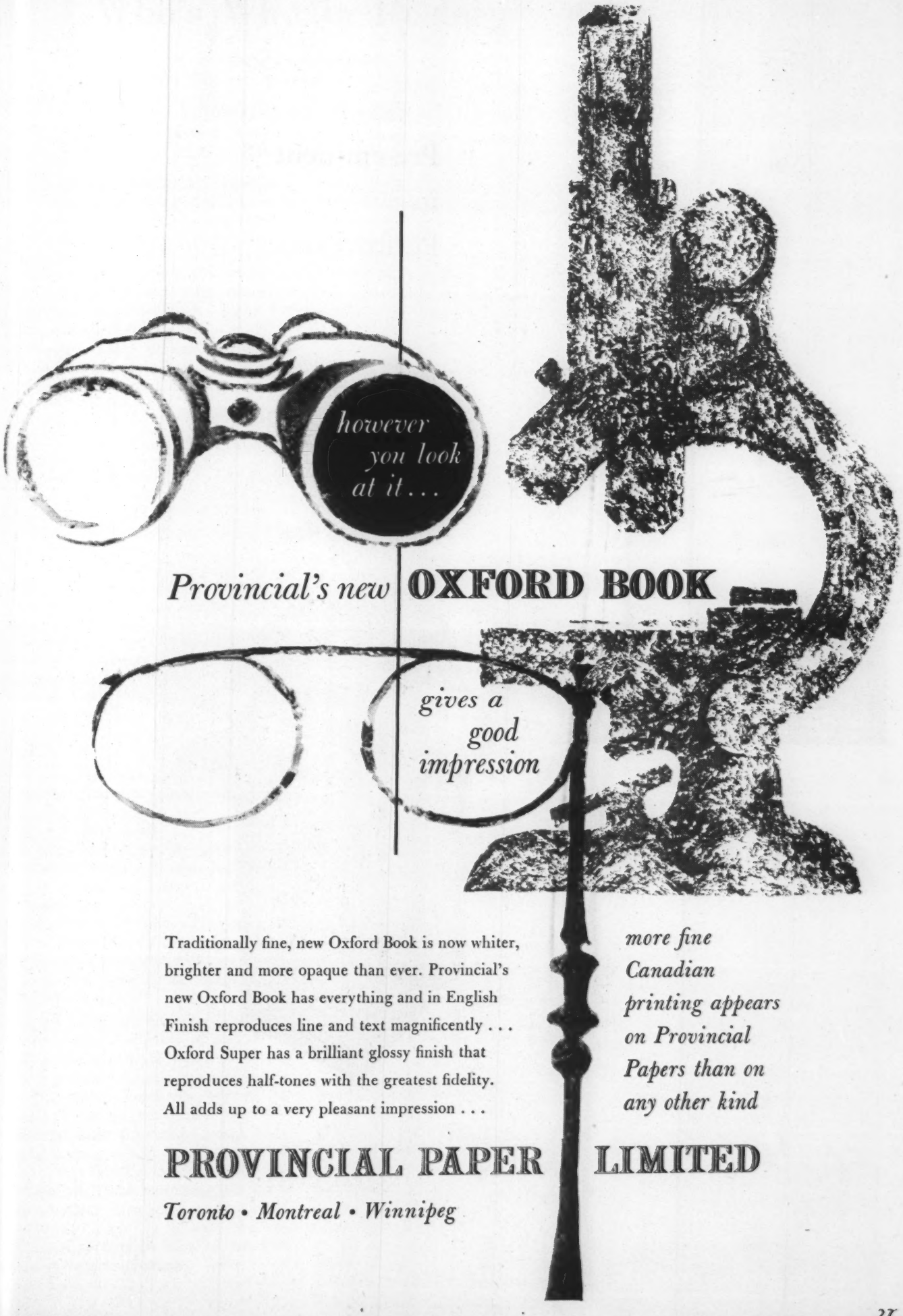
On the job, the alert supervisor should find frequent opportunities to observe the extent to which the individual is able to relate himself and his job to the other functions and operations of the company.

Like human skill, conceptual skill, too, must become a natural part of the executive's make-up. Different methods may be indicated for developing different people, by virtue of their backgrounds, attitudes, and experience. But in every case that method should be chosen which will enable the executive to develop his own personal skill in visualizing the enterprise as a whole and in co-ordinating and integrating its various parts.

OVER THE purpose of this article has been to show that effective administration depends on three basic personal skills, which have been called *technical, human* and *conceptual.* The administrator needs: (a) sufficient technical skill to accomplish the mechanics of the particular job for which he is responsible; (b) sufficient human skill in working with others to be an effective group member and to be able to build co-operative effort within the team he leads; (c) sufficient conceptual skill to recognize the interrelationships of the various factors involved in his situations, which will lead him to take that action which achieves the maximum good for the total organization.

The relative importance of these three skills seems to vary with the level of administrative responsibility. At lower levels the major need is for technical and human skills. At higher levels, the administrator's effectiveness depends largely on human and conceptual skills. At the top conceptual skill becomes the most important of all for successful administration.

This three-skill approach emphasizes that good administrators are not necessarily born; they may be developed.



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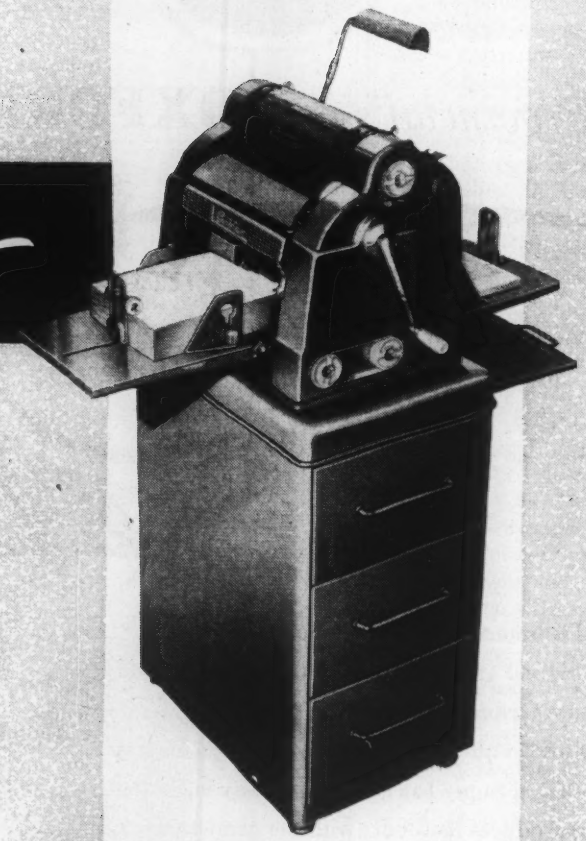

OFFICES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

Who's Who in Business

Skill and Timing

By John Irwin

GEORGE M. BLACK, JR., president of Canadian Breweries Limited, is an executive whose energy and administrative ability marked him for success early in World War II, when he helped to establish the important British Commonwealth Air Training Plan and, later, directed a crown company which produced high precision propellers for aircraft.

Winnipeg, where he was born on June 3, 1911, was his home until the war. He graduated from the University of Manitoba in 1933 with a BA and studied accounting with Millar, Macdonald and Company of Winnipeg. Three major events in his life took place in 1937. He married Jean Elizabeth Riley of Winnipeg, acquired his degree as a chartered accountant and was appointed comptroller of Western Breweries Limited, with which his father, G. M. Black, had long been associated.

Ashley & Crippen

GEORGE M. BLACK, Jr.

When the war came, he enlisted in the RCAF but shortly afterwards was seconded to the office of the Deputy Minister of National Defence for Air in a civilian capacity to assist in getting the air training scheme under way. He joined Canada Propellers Limited as secretary and treasurer on its organization as a crown company in 1941 and later became vice-president directing the operations of 800 skilled workers.

It was during the war years that word of Mr. Black's abilities reached E. P. Taylor, the prominent industrialist, who was on the alert for able young executives for the rapidly expanding brewing industry. When the war ended Mr. Black joined Canadian Breweries Limited as assistant to the president, at that time D. C. Betts. Mr. Taylor's judgment was soon justified. Mr. Black nursed the company's U.S. subsidiary through a serious crisis, advised on important projects and by 1950, still six months short of his 39th birthday, became president.

As chief executive, his responsibilities cover plants in Canada and the United States employing 8,000 people, doing an annual business rapidly approaching the $200 million mark. He directs, at a policy level, the destinies of four major brewing companies — O'Keefe, Dow, Carling and Brading. He is also a director of Argus Corporation, Black and Armstrong, Canadian Pratt and Whitney Aircraft Company and Dominion Tanners Sales Corporation.

A tall (six feet four) man with slightly greying dark hair, neatly dressed (preferring dark suits and conservative ties), he conducts the affairs of the enterprise from a large modern office in an impressive building in downtown Toronto. On his neat limed-oak desk is a model propeller. Sometimes, weighing a decision, he balances the model between his fingers. All facts and facets of each problem are weighed and sifted before reaching a decision. There is no guesswork, no snap decision. His working schedule has no fixed limits. Policy may be discussed over a nightcap with Mr. Taylor. Mornings may find him at his home at Todmorden, Ont., examining sales reports and financial statements. At a Saturday luncheon with business associates the talk may range from progress on the newest plant in Massachusetts to a civic centre for Toronto, from the success of a hospital campaign for funds to Canada's immigration policy.

Mr. Black works hard for charity. He is chairman of his company's donations' committee and made an industry-financed study of corporate giving to charity in Canada. He was co-chairman of advance gifts for the Community Chest of Toronto.

He has tried his hand at most sports and games of skill. In his view none can compare in challenge or excitement with big business; none requires more skill or better timing. His work, which is his way of life, has only one major rival—his family: his wife, his young sons, Montegu and Conrad, and his comfortable home.

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Gold & Dross

By W. P. Snead

Dominion Stores

I HOLD 100 *shares of Dominion Stores purchased at* $11. *Would you please comment on this stock.—G. F. M., Winnipeg.*

Dominion Stores operates a chain of retail groceries and super-markets throughout Eastern Canada. This chain is still under expansion and 199 stores were in operation at last September, extending from Windsor to Glace Bay, Nova Scotia.

Sales of the company have almost tripled from 1948, when gross sales were $53,492,224, to $76,255,963 in only the first half of the 1954 fiscal year.

Net profits have kept pace but the rate of gain has slowed considerably over the past three years as costs have risen.

The stock has responded fully to these favorable results, rising from a low of 5¼ in 1948 to a high of 34 this year. As the yield at 34 on the dividend of 80 cents has dropped well below bond yields to 2.35 per cent, actually less than is obtainable from funds on deposit with the trust companies, it is evident that the stock has moved out of the category of a conservative investment to that of a speculation.

Judging by the chart pattern, which is the best method of assessing possible market action of stocks in the speculative bracket, it appears that the extensive advance in the stock has fully discounted all the favorable developments affecting this company for quite some time ahead. It would appear best for you to secure your large capital gain and transfer your capital into a more conservative investment that would afford a higher yield.

Gulch Mines

WHAT IS *your opinion of Gulch Mines? — E. A. H., San Fernando, Calif.*

Gulch Mines is currently preparing to sink a shaft on its uranium property in the Black Bay district of Saskatchewan. Initial surface exploration and diamond drilling have indicated the possibilities of sufficient uranium ore bodies to permit commercial operation.

Finances for this undertaking have been arranged through New Bidlamaque Mines and Tombill Mines who provided the funds for the drilling program. Recent options, which were exercised at $1.00, netted the treasury sufficient funds for the next stage of development. There are options outstanding on 400,000 shares between $1.00 and $1.50 which, if taken up, will provide additional stimulus for market action. At the present time, however, the stock is apparently awaiting news from the property. Should results prove favorable, a definite rise in price along the pattern of other highly speculative uranium issues would be expected.

Without figures on ore reserve and detailed analysis of core samples, it is impossible to judge, at this time, whether this property can become a major uranium producer. Still, the chances of capital appreciation due to market manipulation could warrant the purchase of the stock for highly speculative accounts.

Trans-Mountain Pipe

WHAT WOULD YOU *say, from your charts, as to the advisibility of purchasing Trans-Mountain Pipe Line at the present price of* $34? *I am not interested in this stock as an investment, but only from the angle of a speculative trade.—J. N., Toronto.*

From the chart it would appear that you are rather late in considering this stock as a speculative purchase. This chart, by eliminating all the price movements of less than $3.00, gives the proper perspective to estimate possible market action. It shows the entire trading history of this stock since it was listed on the Toronto Stock Exchange.

It first appeared on the list in March of 1952 at 20; the price dropped to 16¼ by May and turned upwards to commence the advance that by February of 1953 lifted the price to its high of 46½. Distribution on a broad scale then followed, with each succeeding rally halting below the top of the previous one, while support was maintained between 35 and 36. The triangle formation that developed in this period between February and August carried, from the technical point of view, a threat of disaster to the unwary buyer.

The implications of this pattern were fully borne out by the precipitous decline that followed the collapse of the support that had been evident between 35 and 36. By December the stock had fallen to a low of 16¾, a mere fraction above the 1952 low of 16¼. After a period of see-saw action, the stock commenced a new upward trend in a repetition of the previous advance. By January of this year the price had recovered to 37 and since then the price has been confined to a channel between 34½ and 36.

It is evident from the chart why the ad-

vance was halted, for buyers who were caught above 35 in 1953 are only now being provided with an opportunity to get out even.

With this massive formation of supply blocking the way, the possibilities of an extension of the advance seem very limited and, in fact, distribution of the holdings accumulated at lower prices is becoming more evident.

If we limit our estimates solely to the possibilities of reaping a capital gain from speculative trading, it would appear

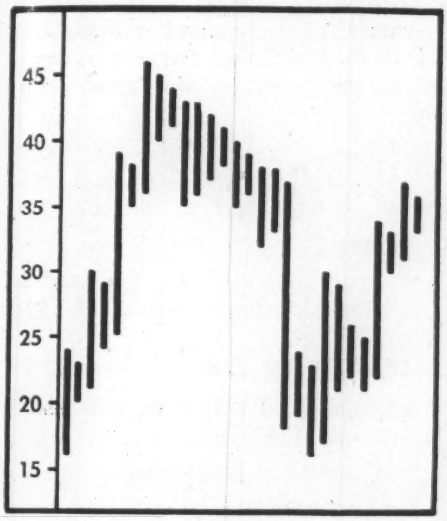

Chart by N. A. de Munnik

that this stock is much more of a sale than a buy. If further selling pressure is exerted upon the stock, it seems quite possible that the decline from 37 could be extended, first to 30 and then the 25-26 level before real support again becomes available.

Bowater Paper

I HAVE RECEIVED *a circular recommending the purchase of Bowater Paper Corporation at a price around* 11½. *The stock is at present traded on the unlisted market here. What are your comments in regard to this stock as a medium for appreciation over the next year or two?—W. F. C., Farnham, PQ.*

The Bowater Paper Corporation is a holding company which, through 36 subsidiaries, conducts pulp and paper operations on an international basis. One of the largest mills in the world is operated at Corner Brook, Newfoundland, a great new mill has recently been placed in operation in Tennessee, three mills are operated in Britain and other mills are located in Australia, South Africa, Sweden and Norway.

Due to the widespread activities of the company, it is much more difficult to assess longer term possibilities than those of a company operating only in the North American market. As an illustration of this, net profits of Bowater fell much more sharply from the 1951 peak of $16.1 million to $7.2 million in 1952 than com-

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parable Canadian companies. The extended recession in pulp prices was a considerable factor in this. While 1954 results are not obtainable as yet, net profits rebounded sharply in 1953 to $12.4 million.

An additional factor, which tends to increase the wide fluctuations in net profits, is the high level of funded debt, which stands at $85,108,971, well above the accepted ratio of 1-1 to working capital, which in this case is $50.8 million. This funded debt, together with $22,438,075 of preference shares, makes the capital structure appear rather top heavy in relation to the 7,200,000 common shares.

A considerable portion of this funded debt has been incurred during the construction of the mill in Tennessee. A bond issue of $45 million was required and this carried a clause that Bowater must use all profits over $1 million to reduce this debt to $15 million. Thus, the only major, near term, gains and earnings will be limited by this ceiling and the redistribution of production in Corner Brook.

From the foregoing, it seems unlikely that dividends will be increased from the indicated 43 cents per share. This, at first glance, would provide a yield of 4.1 per cent to a Canadian investor, but this would be sharply reduced by the British income tax of 45 per cent, which can only be partially recovered from Canadian income tax.

Now while yield alone is not the determining factor in setting stock prices, current yield and the prospects of increased or decreased yields are considerable factors affecting the price of a stock. While the long range outlook for the Corporation, with its annual capacity in excess of 1 million tons of paper products and 250,000 tons of pulp is as good as any in the industry, the prospect for capital gain over the next year or two is limited and it would be best to defer purchases until a more attractive price-yield ratio becomes available.

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In Brief

HAVE YOU *ever heard of Hecla Consolidated?—E. S., Toronto.*

Yes, it's dead.

I BOUGHT *Duvex at 88 cents five years ago. Now it's around 20 cents. Any hope of getting out even?—R. C. B., Hamilton, Ont.*

Not that I can see.

CAN YOU *give me any information regarding a stock called Tough-Oaks-Burnside Gold Mines?—K. S. T., Massey, Ont.*

The oak is still standing, but the company is gone.

RECENTLY *I purchased a few shares of Columbia Metals Corp. at 50 cents a share. Should I sell them at one dollar?—W. A. B., Prince Albert, Sask.*

Without a doubt.

WOULD YOU *give me your opinion on Cons. Central Cadillac? I have a few shares but I'm not banking on it for my old-age pension.—P. L., Montreal.*

Neither would I.

CAN YOU *give me any information on Arabee Oil & Gas, which is as yet unlisted?—R. J. S., Ladysmith, BC.*

It probably will remain unlisted, too.

WOULD YOU *recommend the purchase of Acadia Uranium at the present market of 12 cents?—H. M. M., Powell River, BC.*

No.

WHAT ARE *the future prospects for New Formaque Mines?—C. W., Rothesay, NB.*

Prospects?

CAN YOU *tell me what happened to Golden Oil Products Ltd.?—L. J., Calgary.*

That gold was dross.

ANY CHANCE *of Trebor Mines becoming active?—R. C., Montreal.*

Not unless it is reorganized.

I OWN 3,000 *shares of Atlin-Ruffner. Is it worth hanging on to?—M. L. N., Winnipeg.*

No.

I HOLD 800 *shares of Wilrich Pete, which cost me $1.25 a share. Should I hold or wait for the promised day?—J. A. K., St. Catharines, Ont.*

Hold and hope.

WOULD YOU *advise as to buying Cassiar Asbestos at the present market price of $8.50 as a speculation?—M. C., Whitehorse, Yukon.*

It is not attractive at this price.

the crest of popularity!

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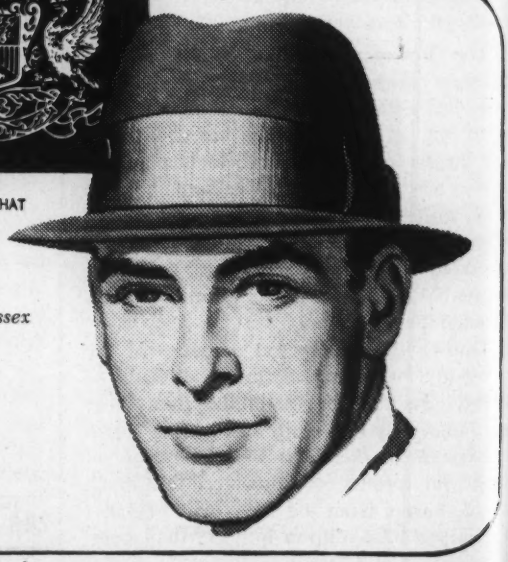
STETSON

Stetson Sussex



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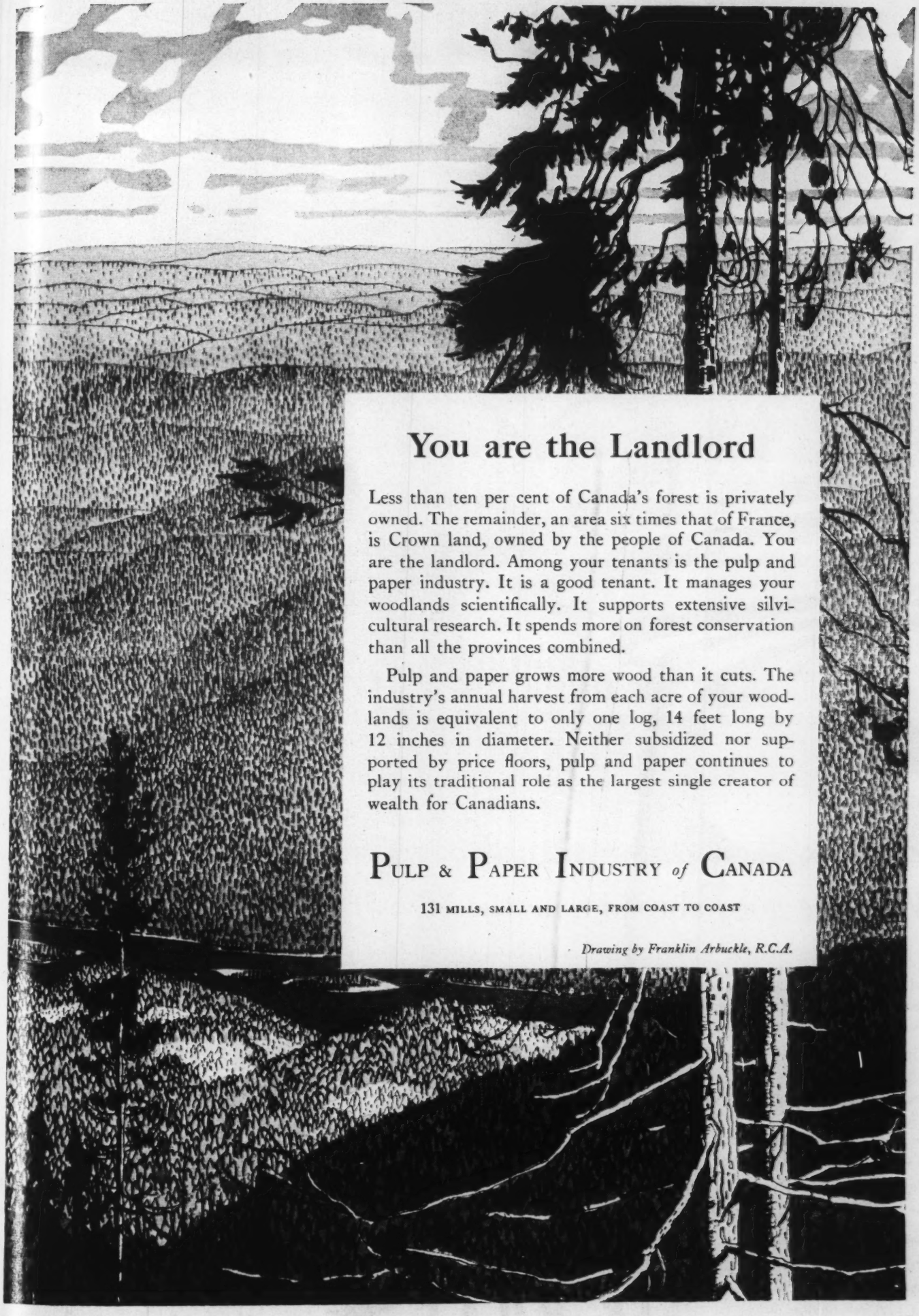

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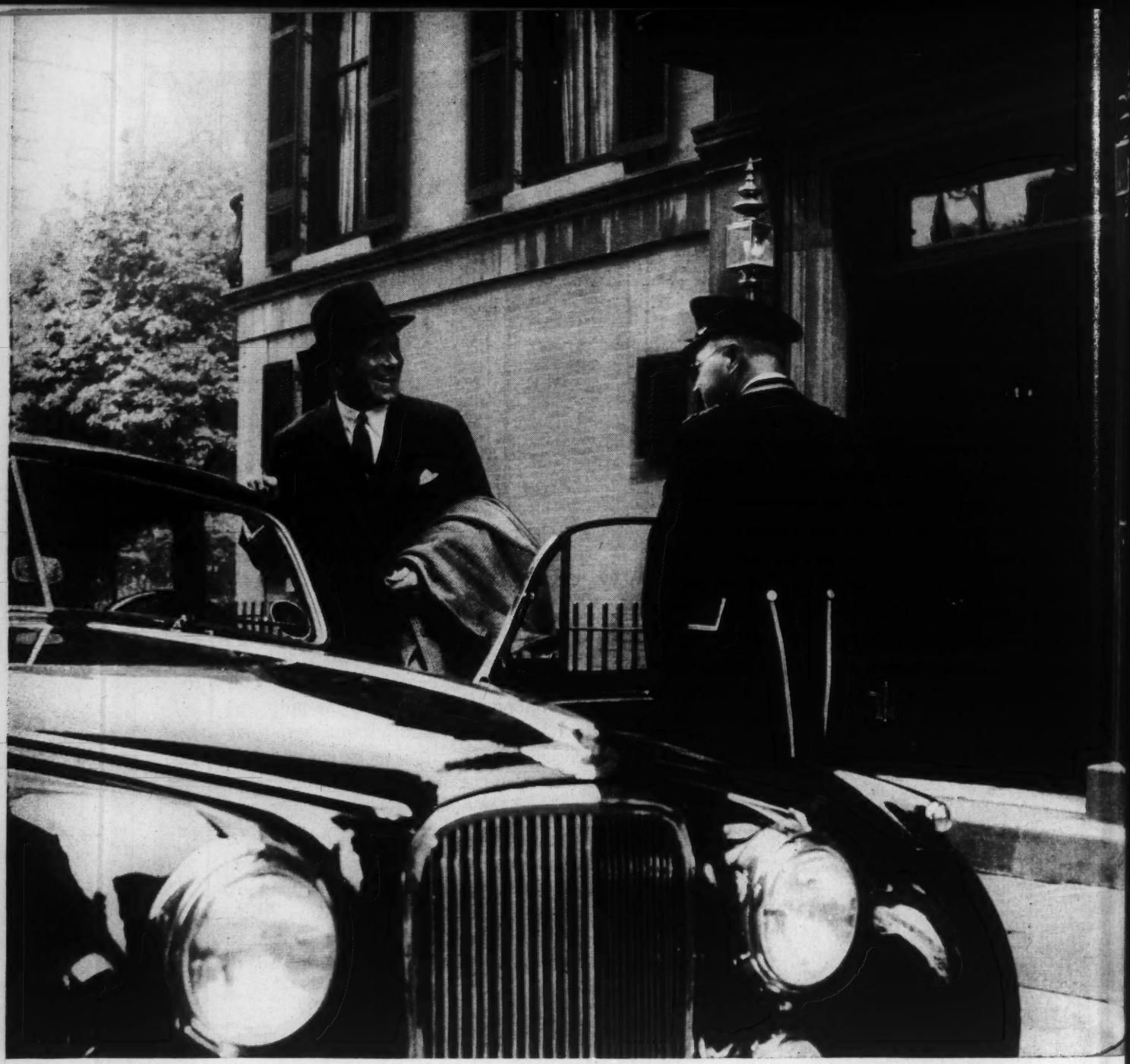
Pulp & Paper Industry *of* Canada

131 MILLS, SMALL AND LARGE, FROM COAST TO COAST

Drawing by Franklin Arbuckle, R.C.A.



When *he* goes abroad—he flies the *B·O·A·C Monarch*

It's pleasant to note how many well-known names appear on B.O.A.C. passenger lists. It's still more pleasant to hear such people comment on their flights—praising little things as well as big ones.

The little touches of British service... as well as the excellence of B.O.A.C. meals and vintage wines. The stimulating conversation in the downstairs lounge... as well as the swift smoothness of B.O.A.C.'s double-deck Stratocruisers. The invitingly turned-down covers of a sleeper-berth... as well as the sense of comfort that comes from B.O.A.C.'s 20,000,000 miles of transatlantic flying.

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FLY B·O·A·C

women

"EASY ELEGANCE" *is the name given to this middy suit of pale blue-and-brown Donegal handwoven tweed designed by Sybil Connolly and photographed against a Dublin background. The young, dark-haired Irish couturier was a featured guest at Toronto and Montreal Eaton's recent Spring Fashion Shows. It was her second visit to Canada, her first to Toronto.*

Conversation Pieces:

THE MOST ENCOURAGING FASHION NOTE we have come across in years reads: "Larger Hat-Crowns to Balance Long Torso Look". The hats illustrated (by Sally Victor, John Frederics and Walter Florell) were wonderful—large inside, small outside. They neither perched nor engulfed. They were exactly right. Until this spring the woman who needed a larger head-size was relegated to those depressing *apartheid* tables marked "Large-Sized Matron's Hats". The hats displayed were both dismal and aggressive, and looked as if they had been designed for large-sized matrons in penal institutions. This season the neglected large-head-size group will be able to buy agreeable hats to balance their matronly torsos. After that it's only a step to the new long torso that balances the hat.

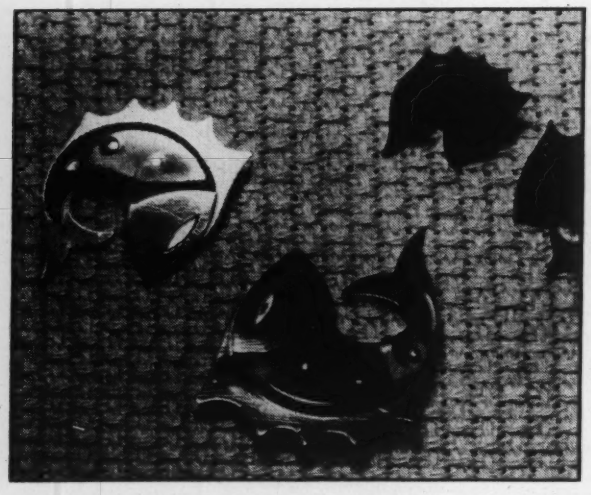
AMBASSADOR ARNOLD HEENEY, Canada's envoy to Washington, recently called on Canadians to cultivate a friendlier feeling to Americans. "Avoid any trace of ancient prejudice in dealing with Americans, or in expressions concerning the country," the Ambassador advised. The trouble is that a great deal of our rudeness towards Americans is blandly unintentional. We criticize American taste, American government, American public figures, American entertainment, and fully expect American visitors to share our prejudices. Then we are outraged when American critics fail to appreciate a Canadian "Ti Coq" or the Canadian National Ballet.

A visiting American tells us that she once paused at the door of a hotel convention room to ask if this was where the American Women's Club was meeting. "God forbid!" said the Canadian ticket-taker genially. It never occurred to him that the comment might be resented. Sometimes we behave a little like people who throw dead cats over the fence and then complain that the neighbors lack a sense of humor.

RECENTLY WE CAME ACROSS a stimulating article on the subject of home decor to suit the masculine taste. The resourceful wife, the writer pointed out, doesn't neglect or hide her husband's hobbies when working out her decorative plan. If she wants to make him happy she will simply incorporate them in the general scheme.

The writer's suggestions include putting his collection of toy soldiers in an old carriage lamp and electrifying the lamp; using his track-trophy-cup for cut flowers and his favorite old wine-bottle as a lamp base; mounting his guns to make a pretty grouping in the living-room; criss-crossing his skis on the ceiling and hanging from them small, attractive lamps; allowing him his shabby old easy chair in the living room. (You can always conceal it when not in use behind an attractively painted bamboo screen.)

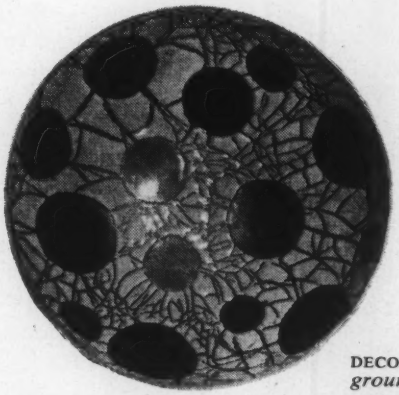
It is always possible, of course, that the subject of all these loving attentions might come home some night, fill up his track-trophy-cup or his favorite lamp base with whisky, and then detach his gun from its pretty grouping and go after his resourceful wife. After that he could spend the remainder of the evening sitting in his favorite easy chair, reviewing his toy soldiers amid the wreckage of the carriage lamp and the attractively painted bamboo screen.



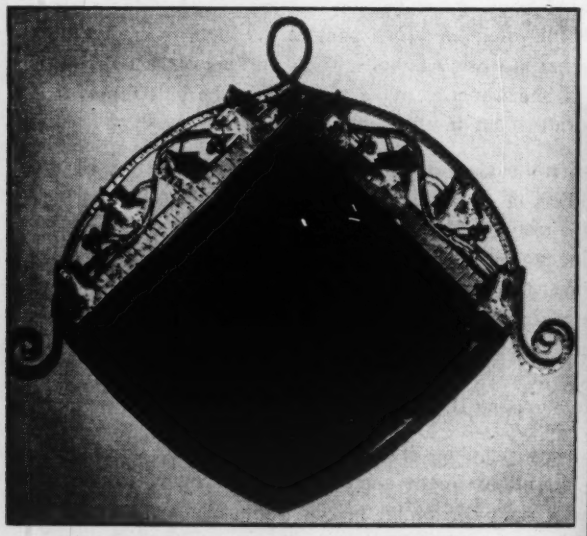
JEWELLERY *set of brooches and earrings, in turtle shell on silver, by Georges Belanger, Montreal. Set, about $25.*

Handicrafts of Quebec

CERAMIC *set of jug (about 14½ inches high) and six mugs (two only shown) in brown glaze, by Claude Vermette, Ste. Adèle. Set, about $18.50.*



DECORATIVE *plate of white enamel ground with greenish opaque dots on copper, by Mrs. Françoise-Desrochers Drolet, Quebec City. About $20.*



ODDLY *shaped wall mirror, with wrought iron decoration, by Marcel Juneau, St. Césaire; about $20.*

HANDWOVEN *nylon handbag, white with pastel trim, by Mrs. Marie Barcelo, President of a handicraft group at St. Hilaire sur Richelieu. About $3.75.*

Food

THE TORONTO CHAPTER of the Canadian Wine and Food Society (the only Chapter as yet) recently celebrated its first anniversary with a gourmet dinner at The Sign of the Steer, where owner Hans Fread duplicated the six award-winning recipes originally prepared by the Canadian Chefs' Team in their bid for supremacy against 14 other nations at last year's Olympiade Cuisine, held in Switzerland. The 50 members of the Society sat down to the following menu:

MENU

LA PETITE MARMITE

(Double rich beef and chicken bouillon.)

LE FILET DE DORE

(Pickerel with a green sauce flavored with tarragon and Canadian white table wine.)

LE TOURNEDO DE BOEUF

(Whole filet baked in Brioche dough, with pâté de foie gras and truffles.)

OKA CHEESE

LA BOMBE FLAMBEE

(The bombe was accompanied by Italian Spumone sauce of maple syrup and fresh whole strawberries flamed in Kirsch.)

PETIT FOURS AND COFFEE

Canadian wines from the Niagara Peninsula were served with the dinner. With the bouillon and the pickerel, a dry white table wine was chosen; with the main course, a dry red table wine; and with the dessert, well-chilled Canadian champagne.

The recipe for the main course—whole filet baked in brioche dough, with pâté de foie gras and truffles—is here given:

LE TOURNEDO DE BOEUF

First, the brioche dough must be made. For it, 8 eggs, 4 cups sifted bread flour, 1 cup ordinary flour, 1 cake of yeast, soft butter, sugar and salt are needed.

Soften one envelope or cake of yeast in ½ cup lukewarm water and add 1 tsp. sugar. Then add 1 cup flour—or whatever amount is needed to make a soft dough which can be formed easily into a ball. Place ball in buttered bowl, cut a cross on top, cover, and put in warm place to rise (takes about two hours).

Sift 4 cups of bread flour. Put 2 of the cups into a large bowl, and add ¼ lb. soft butter, 2 tbsp. sugar, ½ tsp. salt and 2 eggs. Mix and knead, adding milk to make a smooth paste. Add another ¼ lb. soft butter, 2 more eggs and the rest of the flour. Mix and knead until paste is smooth and no longer sticky. Add 2 more eggs, and mix, knead and beat vigorously until paste is perfectly smooth.

Incorporate the beaten paste with the ball of dough and work in 1 or 2 more eggs. Knead the mass long and well, to restore its smoothness, but not as vigorously as before. Place the dough in buttered bowl, cover with a light towel and let stand for 2 to 2½ hours (or until it is double in bulk). Then beat it down and put it in refrigerator to mellow overnight.

The conventional brioche molds are bowl-shaped and often fluted. To bake the brioche, mold the dough into a ball large enough to half fill the mold. Make a crisscross incision on top of the ball and gently insert a smaller ball of the dough, to form a head or crown. Cover the mold and set it in a warm place. When the dough is double in bulk, brush the surface lightly with beaten egg yolk. Bake in a hot oven (425°F.) until the brioche is brown and shining. Baking time depends upon size of the mold. For individual size, about 20 to 25 minutes; for larger size, about 50 to 60 minutes.

To make Le Tournedo de Boeuf baked in brioche, use the unbaked brioche dough and roll it into squares (enough dough to cover a 5 or 6 oz. filet). Place the individual filets on the squares, surround the filets with pâté de foie gras and truffles, and then fold the four corners of the dough into the centre. Smooth the ridges, to seal the brioche, and crown with a smaller ball of dough. Then proceed with the baking as in the instructions above. The original brioche recipe should make about 12 individual brioches. Brioche (without the filet) is delicious, served warm, for Sunday brunch.

ADMIRING *the main dish (filet baked in Brioche dough) at the first anniversary dinner of the Canadian Wine and Food Society, Toronto, are restaurateur Hans Fread (left) and W. H. Collings, recently appointed Chief Commissioner of the Liquor Control Board of Ontario.*

EXPORT "A"
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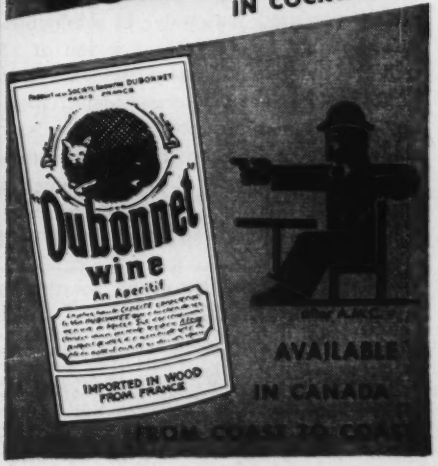

Letters

Lawrence of Arabia

I AM SORRY to see your pages carrying Richard Aldington's literary violation of the reputation and memory of the brave, honest and most gifted soldier, T. E. Lawrence.

Fortunately, the stature of Lawrence is such that it will be little affected by Aldington's alternately sneering and peevish complaining. I have the same feeling of outrage that I would have on witnessing the fouling of a war memorial or the despoiling of a great painting.

It must gall Aldington to realize that he would still be an obscure nonentity instead of an infamous one but for the bright lustre of Lawrence's name itself. But there, I suppose that is the calculated purpose of the whole thing. . .

Montreal A. S. JAS. SHEPHERD

People and Prisons

I WAS INTERESTED in the report of a speech by Alex Edmison, one of our foremost authorities on penal institutions in which he said that in England he had seen some of the "most efficient administration in antiquated buildings". We do a lot of talking in this country about improving our penal institutions, and no one would dispute that the need is real, but we must first have the people to staff those buildings effectively. We could get some pretty good results if we spent more money on training people in the problems of penology and less time bemoaning our lack of adequate facilities.

Hamilton, Ont. WILLIAM WALKER

Defence Forces

YOUR COMMENTS about Canada's military strength, particularly in relation to the reserve army, are indicative of completely confused reasoning. It is obviously impossible for Canada, a nation of 15 million, to maintain a permanent force large enough to be a serious deterrent to any aggressor more powerful than, say, Switzerland or Belgium. It is proper, then that we maintain only a "token" force, as you call it—a symbol of our will to resist. What is needed is a structure which will enable us to achieve rapid and efficient mobilization, and that is what we have with the reserve army, an organization that proved itself in 1939 and which is, in fact, of more importance to Canadian defence than the permanent force . . .

Saskatoon CLARE D. HIGHBURY

. . . IF YOU had taken a logical view of Canada's defence situation, you would have said this: Canada must now rely on the United States Army and Air Force for protection, just as it once relied on the British Navy and Army. Most Canadians realize this, although unconsciously perhaps, and this accounts for their resentment of U.S. power—a resentment that once was directed against the British. As for the reserve army or the non-permanent militia or whatever it's now called, it is merely a big club, maintained at public expense, for the enjoyment of odds and sods who like to play soldier . . .

Montreal GUY BOLDUC

Wine and Beer

BEHOLD FRANCE! To say the production of wine there is any less honest than that of beer in Canada would be untrue, but this doesn't stop it from being a national problem. It is absolutely essential that first things are put first in an economy, and food, clothing, and shelter are in this category. Next must come the more real aspects of culture: communications, education, social and technological advancement. Only after we have supplied ourselves with these things can we fairly consider superficial aspects of our culture, such as the production of alcoholic beverages, perfumes, ladies' hats, and the like. If we don't put things in this order, whether we live in Spadina constituency or on an Indian reserve, we ignore the reality of life, and our civilization will crumble eventually. . .

Edmonton KENNETH MURRAY

Divorce Laws

WHY MUST you again drag the subject of divorce into your columns? The fact that people perjure themselves because only adultery provides legal ground for divorce is not an argument for making the law more liberal. On the contrary, it shows that there should be *no* divorce law. The holy admonition is plain and leaves no room for argument: "Whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder." If couples knew that they could not lightly cast off the responsibilities of marriage, they would be more inclined, first, to enter marriage without any giddiness and second, to make the marriage a strong and worthwhile union . . .

Saint John (MRS.) ADELAIDE CAMPBELL

YOU HAVE permitted too much time to elapse between attacks on the cruel divorce laws. The attack should be sustained, because a condition of social immorality is being perpetuated by the present mediaeval attitude of the law towards divorce. What is holy about a marriage where a brute of a husband inflicts a life of torture on his wife? Or about the union of a man or woman with someone who is hopelessly insane? . . . The Scriptures themselves do not condemn marriage partners to living hells . . .

Halifax THOMAS SLOAN

School Readers

IT'S ABOUT time somebody questioned the kinds of readers being used in our schools. A more namby-pamby set of books it would be hard to find. They're beautifully printed all right, and handsomely illustrated and they must cost the School Boards and put-upon taxpayer a pretty sum. No one would object to that, however, if they really gave the children some mental exercise. The selections, unfortunately, seem to have been chosen with some vague purpose of keeping the pupils entertained rather than inducing them to think . . .

London, Ont. (MRS. R.) BARBARA KING

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Model of plan submitted by Gardner Ertman of Edinburgh, Scotland, winner of the Calvert House European Award.

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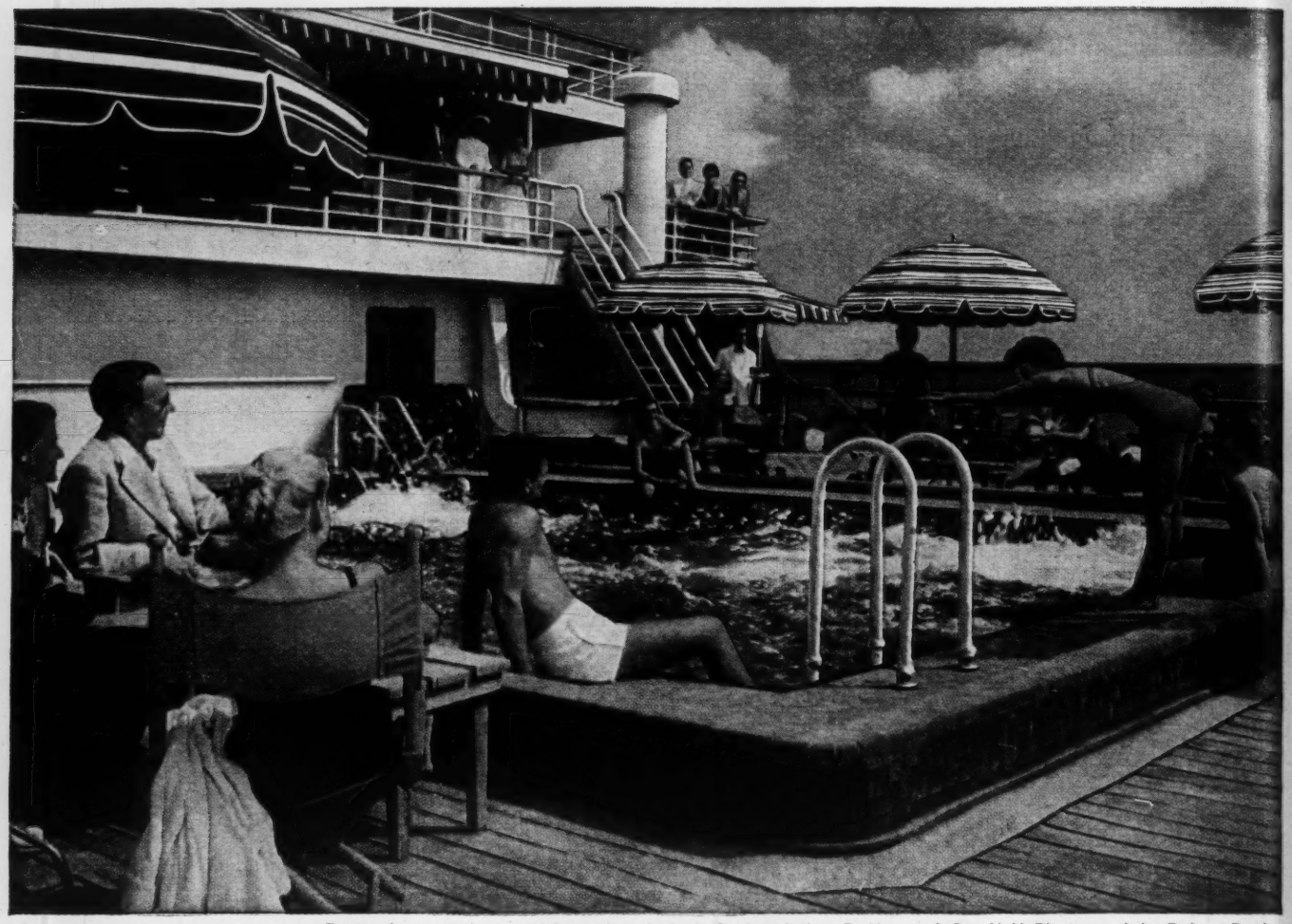

Fun and sun on the broad Santa beach deck. Cruise clothes B. Altman & Co., N. Y. Photograph by Robert Bagby

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